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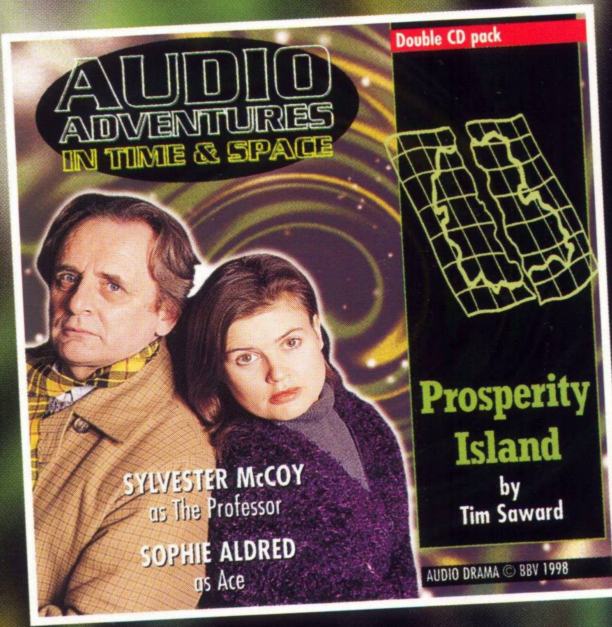
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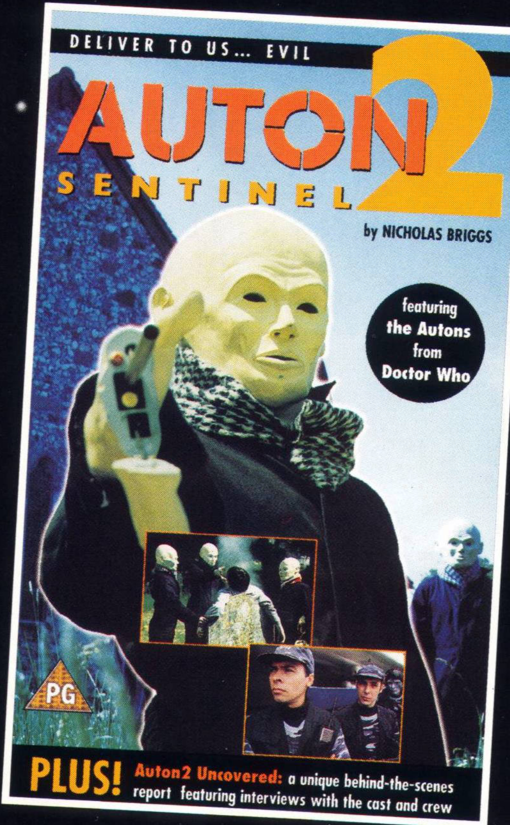
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Life can be quite odd most of the time, I find. But some days are stranger than others . . .

Last night, I got to bed at 1.30am after watching *Destiny of the Daleks* in one sitting – why? Well just because! Two-and-a-half hours later, after a bizarre dream in which I found Movellans playing Cluedo with Davros in the kitchen at my parent's old house (Interestingly, all the game counters were tiny Voord, and Davros was definitely played by Michael Wisher – a revealing piece of unconscious fanboy 'improvement' which suggests that I really should get out more.) Unable to sleep, I spent a surreal hour sat stark-naked on my bedroom floor, eating cornflakes and rummaging through old editions of TV Comic looking for that Troughton strip where the Cybermen build a huge, shiny statue of their Controller to see, out of general interest, if it was made out of gold. I never did find out, and remember nothing until I woke up on the same floor at 6.30 and peeled issue 788 from the side of my face, noting in the mirror that I now had a shadowy imprint of John and Gillian on my left cheek. Not the best of ways to start the day.

The 8.47 from London Bridge to sunny Tunbridge Wells was enlivened by one of Bill Baggs' new Sylv'n'Soph dramas on the Discman, which engendered a few strange looks from my normally comatose fellow passengers when I cackled at Mark Gatiss' comedy German accent. The first few minutes at the office were spent in jokey conversation about Beckham's kicking of Simione (no way should that have been a red card) before I opened a letter from a reader which told me they had contacted a lawyer in order to see if they can make us bring back Paul McGann. I spent a few moments trying to picture the look the solicitor had on her face at the time.

A quiet day of subbing, writing and e-mailing passed without note – bar a phone call from a newspaper editor to ask me, bizarrely, in which year Tom Baker died. So much for HarperCollins' 1997 publicity drive, I thought. The train home had an old woman on it who was the spitting image of Arthur Hewlett from *Terror of the Vervoids*, poor swine.

It's now approaching 1.30 in the morning again, and I've just watched all of *The Creature from the Pit* and I'm staying awake to delay the inexorable dream about Wolf Weeds and Eileen Way.

It's funny to think that if I told all this to anyone else but you, they would look at me like I was stark, staring mad and back away slowly looking around for medical help. Actually, perhaps I've gone too far this time and some of you are shaking your heads in disbelief and not a little fear yourselves.

Still, I don't mind, 'cos even though it's been a crazy day, it's also been a fun one. I'm glad I have such weird stuff to think about, rather that having a life of just worrying about overdrafts and overtime. I'd rather dream about Movellans than movie stars or moving house, frankly. And you'll be amazed at how good at Cluedo Davros is.

If you do identify with any of this nonsense, I'm very sorry. Why not work though your pain and drop us a note to *Timelines* and tell us about the strangest Doctor Who dreams you've had – particularly if they were about Erato or Alpha Centauri. Who knows, if we get enough, we may even get a Freudian analyst to write a feature for us!

Gary

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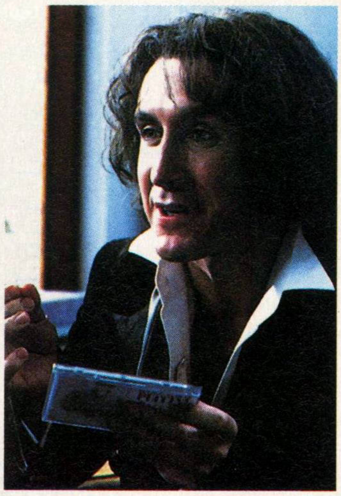
Gallifrey Guardian

SPECIAL REPORT! McGann reprises "gem of a part"

Eighth Doctor 'sound' in Earth and Beyond



Titled *Doctor Who: Earth and Beyond*, BBC Worldwide's audio collection of Eighth Doctor stories is due for release in September. Range editor Stephen Cole was present to hear the tales committed to tape . . .

It's Tuesday 26 May, and once again I'm in a recording studio in the heart of Soho ready to commit new *Doctor Who* stories to audio tape – only this time I've quite a coup. The Eighth Doctor himself is my reader.

Paul McGann turns up full of quietly intense beans, a thoughtful, charismatic man with piercing blue eyes. Together with John Taylor, the producer who did so well with the *Short Trips* audio, we go through a few points in the scripts over breakfast. John's unhappy with the title of *The People's Temple*, feeling it's a bit Brechtian. "Nothing wrong with that, pal," chides McGann, chewing on a croissant before going into the recording room.

When he begins reading, I'm reminded powerfully of his voiceover at the very start of the TV Movie – a bizarrely dislocating experience for me. Work proceeds well, although the 'bear men' and 'deer men' in Paul Leonard's thoughtful tale sometimes become the 'bare men' and 'dear men' for comic effect!

I ask Paul what it's like returning to the Eighth Doctor. He comments that as he's telling the whole story rather than just playing the part, it's not quite the same. Events later on will prove otherwise . . .

Over lunch, Paul proves to be quite a passionate supporter of the Doctor, citing the role as "a gem of a part for any actor", explaining to me his many plans for the part – which I duly note with regard to the line of BBC Books. He seems raring to go for the next story, Peter Anghelides' *Bounty*, set in the Seychelles. Paul has a lot of fun narrating the breakneck chase scenes and alien confrontations. His ability to spout incomprehensible jargon in one take is truly remarkable – and one that will be tested to its limit in the last story to be recorded, Andrew Miller's *Dead Time*.

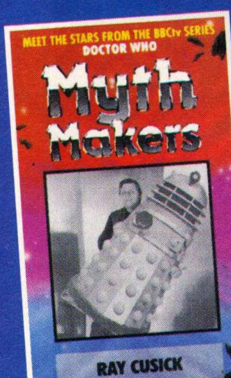
John thinks it might be fun to record the scenes in this story between two aspects of the Doctor as dialogue – Paul is truly back in character as he reads first one Doctor's words, then the other's. The final effect is wonderful. Combined with his scary whisper for the aliens in this story, it's all looking good for *Earth and Beyond* . . .

Win stuff!

Reeltime Pictures have released two new videos showcasing the talents of two *Doctor Who* luminaries – and you can win one of ten sets of two tapes in this issue's competition!

This issue's *Out of the TARDIS* victim is Third Doctor companion Katy Manning. Reeltime's *Where On Earth is Katy Manning?* is a diary of this popular actress' recent UK activities, including her appearance at DWM's own Perfect Day in April [pictured].

Not only that, Reeltime have also issued the latest in their *Myth Makers* interview tapes – this time featuring Ray Cusick, the designer who brought the Daleks to life. Ten signed copies of that, plus ten *Where on Earth* . . . videos, will be won by ten readers who answer this question: in which three *Doctor Who* stories did Katy Manning's Jo encounter Daleks?

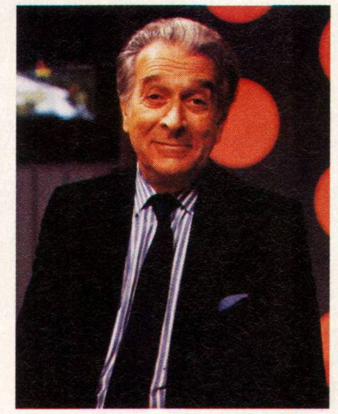


Send your answer with your name and address on the back of a postcard marked GLIDE, LIKE THE GEORGIAN STATE DANCERS to the editorial address on page 14. Closing date: 28 September. Multiple entries will be disqualified.

Brigadier actor writes hardback autobiography

Heavyweights join book bonanza

Two further volumes to add to the already crammed roster of *Who*-related titles due to see print over the next few months have been announced.



Confirmed by Virgin Publishing for November release is *Five Rounds Rapid*, the long-promised autobiography of Brigadier actor Nicholas Courtney [pictured] – a hefty hardback confessional. Meanwhile, Peter Haining, author of the once-indispensable 20th, 21st and 25th anniversary books *Doctor Who: A Celebration*, *The Key to Time* and *25 Glorious Years*, plus the interview-based *The Doctor Who File*, returns to the *Who* fray by penning *The Nine Lives of Doctor Who* for Hodder Headline. A 192-page hardback provisionally priced at £16.99, again for November issue, Haining's 'unofficial' tome will comprise lengthy biographies of all eight TV Doctors, plus big screen star Peter Cushing.

BBC Books' fiction schedule proceeds apace, albeit with a few minor changes. Eighth Doctor novels *Beltempest* and *The Janus Conjunction* swap places in the autumn list, whereas *The Taint* slips a month to February to make room for *Strange England*/*Zeta Major* author Simon Messingham's third book, provisionally titled *Terra Firma* – a psychological thriller in which the Eighth Doctor and Sam help out an early Earth Empire colony.

In March, having boarded the TARDIS in *The Taint*, new companion Fitz makes his presence felt in Justin Richards' perplexingly-titled *Stripper!* [sic], an adventure set in a space casino. Paul Leonard's *Revolution Man*, out in April, sees the Eighth Doctor and chums involved in a globe-trotting 'psychedelic terror' escapade on sixties Earth.

Newly confirmed for March is *Deep Blue*, a Fifth Doctor, Tegan and Turlough novel by established horror writer Mark Morris, previously responsible for Zygon shocker *The Bodysnatchers*. A saga of gruesome goings-on in a coastal town in the seventies, *Deep Blue* also involves UNIT.

Sontaran, Draconian prop up Reeltime three-hander

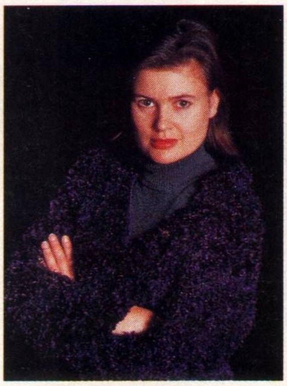
Sophie Aldred plays Terrance's Mindgame

Ace actress Sophie Aldred is to appear alongside a Sontaran and a Draconian in an intense 50-minute independently-produced SF drama from the pen of perenially popular *Doctor Who* writer/script editor Terrance Dicks.

Mindgame is a one-off from the Reeltime Pictures stable. Set entirely within a prison cell and featuring just the three characters outlined above, it's described by producer/director Keith Barnfather as being "*Play For Today* style. Acting and script are what it's about."

Costumes for Sophie's two fellow jailbirds will be provided by former series monster maker Stephen Mansfield. The production is planned to be shot in one day at the end of July, entirely within studio.

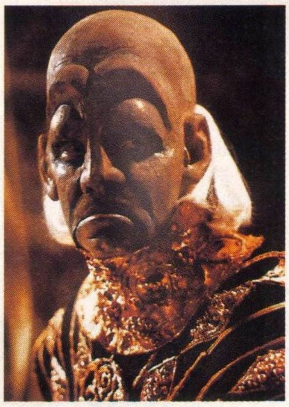
Mindgame will be released to buy during September, priced £16.99.



Dispatches

● Uncut Cybermen/Zygons combo set for release

February 1999 will see long-anticipated BBC Video re-releases for early Fourth Doctor adventures *Revenge of the Cybermen* [pictured] and *Terror of the Zygons*, this time in a special double-tape pack. Both stories, which dovetail into one another, were previously issued in slightly cut formats, also omitting the episodes' cliffhanger endings; they will now be presented in their complete and unexpurgated forms.



● "We are examining film possibilities" – BBC

Further to the recent frenzy of speculation concerning news of a new *Doctor Who* movie [see last issue's *Gallifrey Guardian*], well-connected fan Tim Collins contacted David Thompson, the BBC's Head of Films and Single Drama, asking what was really going on. Thompson, whose reported statements at the Cannes Film Festival sparked this latest round of rumours, replied on 4 June: "It is true that Dr Who [sic] was mentioned in Cannes as one of a number of possible films that we are exploring making – the coverage received was out of proportion to what was said. However, together with co-production partners, we are examining the possibility of a feature film: but there are, as yet, no definite plans to go into production."

● Two Doctors for ICON2

Confirmed guests for ICON2, the convention which is looking to be the natural successor to the sadly-defunct Manopticon event, include Peter Davison, Colin Baker, the divine Lalla Ward, Anneke Wills, Michael Craze, Deborah Watling, Wendy Padbury, Nicholas Courtney, Mark Strickson, Nicola Bryant, Sophie Aldred and soon-to-be-audio-Benny Lisa Bowerman. ICON2 will be taking place at the Chester Moat House, Chester over the weekend of 15 and 16 August. The **DWM** team will be in attendance, and look forward to meeting you all (if the assistant editor's missus lets him out, that is). Details with an SAE to: ICON2, 2 Keddington Road, Scunthorpe, Humberside, DN17 2QU. Website: http://www.freespace.virgin.net/s.pilkington/icon2.htm. A limited number of tickets will be available on the door.

● Dalek designer opens Scottish exhibition

Raymond Cusick, the designer who gave shape to the dreaded Daleks, will be opening a month-long *Doctor Who* exhibition in Kilmarnock at 12.30 on Saturday 1 August. Taking place at the Dick Institute, Elmbank Avenue, the exhibition will showcase full-size props including four Daleks, Davros, K9, Cybermen and other monsters. There will also be a gallery displaying 50 *Doctor Who* pictures by three artists, and a memorabilia shop. The organisers hope that several series celebrities will be visiting the exhibition during its run between 1 and 29 August. For further information, call the Dick Institute on 01563 526401.

● Colin and Lis at Longleat

"Autographs and fun" are promised when Colin Baker and Elisabeth Sladen guest at the now-annual special summer event at the *Doctor Who* exhibition at Longleat House, Wiltshire on 2 August between 10.30 and 5.00pm. Entrance is included as part of the standard entry fee to the grounds.

Collector's Heaven

DWM's monthly guide to upcoming Doctor Who merchandise

3 August

Novel ***Doctor Who: Vanderdeken's Children*** by Christopher Bulis [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Dreams of Empire*** by Justin Richards [Second Doctor, Jamie & Victoria] *BBC Books* £4.99

20 August

Novel ***The New Adventures: Another Girl, Another Planet*** by Martin Day & Len Beech [Bernice] *Virgin* £5.99

7 September

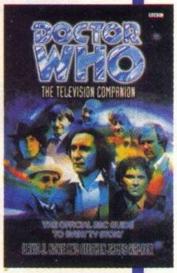
Video ***Doctor Who: Planet of Fire*** [Fifth Doctor, Turlough & Peri] *BBC Video* £11.99

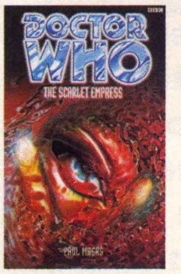
Audio ***Doctor Who: Earth and Beyond*** [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Worldwide* £tba

Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: The TV Companion*** by David J Howe & Stephen James Walker *BBC Books* £8.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Scarlet Empress*** by Paul Magrs [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Last Man Running*** by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Books* £4.99





5 October

Video ***Doctor Who: The Ark*** [First Doctor, Stephen & Dodo] *BBC Video* £11.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Janus Conjunction*** by Trevor Baxendale [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Matrix*** by Mike Tucker & Robert Perry [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Books* £4.99

15 October

Novel ***The New Adventures: Beige Planet Mars*** by Lance Parkin & Mark Clapham [Bernice] *Virgin* £5.99

2 November

Video ***Doctor Who: The Ice Warriors*** [Second Doctor, Jamie & Victoria] [double pack including *The Underwater Menace* 3 and various rediscovered sixties clips] *BBC Video* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: Beltempest*** by Jim Mortimore [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Infinity Doctors*** by Lance Parkin [The Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99

Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: The Seventh Doctor Handbook*** by David J Howe, Mark Stammers & Stephen James Walker *Virgin* £tba

Non-fiction ***The Nine Lives of Doctor Who*** by Peter Haining *Hodder Headline* £16.99tbc

Autobiography ***Five Rounds Rapid*** by Nicholas Courtney *Virgin* £tba

16 November

Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: From A to Z*** by Gary Gillatt *BBC Books* £17.99

3 December

Novel ***The New Adventures: Where Angels Fear*** by Rebecca Levene & Simon Winstone [Bernice] *Virgin* £5.99

4 January 1999

Video ***Doctor Who: Nightmare of Eden*** [Fourth Doctor, Romana & K9] *BBC Video* £11.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Terra Firma*** by Simon Messingham [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Salvation*** by Steve Lyons [First Doctor, Steven & Dodo] *BBC Books* £4.99

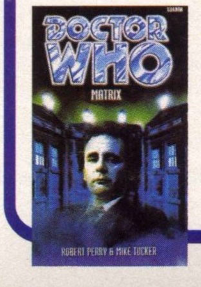
1 February

Video ***Doctor Who: Revenge of the Cybermen & Terror of the Zygons*** [double pack containing unedited versions] [Fourth Doctor, Sarah & Harry] *BBC Video* £tba

Anthology ***Doctor Who: More Short Trips*** edited by Stephen Cole [various Doctors & companions] *BBC Books* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Taint*** by Michael Collier [Eighth Doctor, Sam & Fitz] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Wages of Sin*** by David A McIntee [Third Doctor & Jo] *BBC Books* £4.99



SEX AND THE SINGLE GALLIFREYAN

With newspaper gossipmongers once more driven to distraction by the notion that the next Doctor might regenerate into a woman, DWM probes the 'whys', 'hows' and 'what withs' of Time Lord sexuality. Could 'he' turn into a 'she'? And if he's got two hearts, what *else* might he have two of?

By ALAN BARNES
Staff Reporter

Many years ago, so the story goes, writer Terry Nation was asked a not-unreasonable question by a perspicacious – if not downright precocious – child viewer of *Doctor Who*. Said stripling wished to know if the Daleks' creator could shed some light on a matter which had clearly bothered him for some time: "If there aren't any lady Daleks," he apparently wrote, "how do they reproduce themselves?"

To his credit, when forced to confront issues of birds and bees and bubbling lumps of hate in bonded polycarbide armour, Nation didn't resort to a pat rebuff concerning mechanised storks or somesuch. Instead, he claimed to have informed the inquisitive youngster that the Daleks did indeed reproduce – but that it was "a very ugly sight", and he "wouldn't like watching it" at all.

Pupae

Doctor Who has always drawn a none-too-discreet veil over matters even approaching the belt, let alone below it. Sontarans grow in cloning vats, Wirrn hatch from pupae; Cyber-genitalia, we presume, is irretrievably 'replaced'. Like undercover tabloid hacks unearthing steamy goings-on in suburban bordellos, *Doctor Who*'s writers, Nation included, will have long since 'made their excuses and left' at the first sign of any unseemly horridness – fearing, perhaps, that the whole edifice would crumble should the Doctor have a fumble. Of all the many hoaxes to have been perpetrated on fans, few have achieved the sheer resonance of the *faux* title once seen proudly scrawled on then producer John Nathan-Turner's wall planner: *The Doctor's Wife*.

In *Doctor Who*, all matters even passingly sexual are considered utterly taboo

The same Nathan-Turner, in a bid to excite press coverage of Tom Baker's departure from the show, was solely responsible for initiating the recurring spectacle of Wapping's finest falling over themselves to claim that – horror of horrors – *the next Doctor might be played by a woman*! And have there really been that many scenes *in the whole of British television history* more commented-on than the few seconds' dubiously unchaste lip contact betwixt stars Paul McGann and Daphne Ashbrook in the service of 1996's TV Movie?

It's clear, therefore, that all matters even passingly sexual are considered utterly taboo so far as *Doctor Who* is concerned – and where sex does rear its head, it becomes a subject of either eyes-averted unmentionability, sniggering scandal-sheet puerility, or prim, self-righteous outrage. This is made even stranger when one considers that the *very first thing* we ever learn about the Doctor in the series – before seeing his bigger-inside-than-out Police Box, before knowing that he travels in time and space, before knowing of his wayward eccentricities, sense of fair play, tangles with bug-eyed monsters – is the unqualified and uncontradicted assertion that, seeing as Susan is introduced as his granddaughter, then *he himself has been a father*.

So, why should our hero's founding, perhaps even principal, characteristic cause us so many problems 35 years on? Why should we still be desperate to escape the fact? Why does it make us so *ashamed*? And by 'us', I don't just mean we obsessives, we troubled, embarrassed fans; even the series' last two script editors, the last two individuals to steer the ongoing course of the *Doctor Who* narrative, appear to have decided that such a simple notion was unacceptable, quite beyond the pale. In *Birth of a Renegade*, a short story written for *Radio Times*' 1983 *Doctor Who* special, Eric Saward puts forward the notion that Susan was in fact Rassilon's last living descendant, left abandoned in the First Doctor's TARDIS like Moses in the bullrushes (neither the Doctor nor Susan ever knew of Susan's true identity); Andrew Cartmel's tenure, meanwhile, was coloured by endless speculation concerning the Doctor's secret past – cryptic mentions of elusive contemporaries of Rassilon, for example (this, that and a bit of the Other, perhaps). But what links the two is their desire to contradict the series' first episode, their refusal to take the one plain fact at face value: that, yes, Susan is, was and always will be the Doctor's granddaughter. Ergo the Doctor once had a biological mate; ergo – nudge nudge, wink wink – he's *done it*. At least the once – and with a woman, probably.

DWM SPOT

WILLIAM Hartnell once suggested a story wherein his Doctor would encounter his "wicked son" – an identical version of himself. "This idea was not acceptable to the BBC," he later claimed.

Occam's Razor is the fundamental philosophical principle which states that the fewest possible assumptions should be made when explaining a thing. Such a notion is, of course, anathema to revisionists and 'retcon'-artists like Saward, Cartmel and their ilk, all of whom pile on layer upon layer of contrivance in their efforts to deny the honest and open verity of the first episode, *An Unearthly Child* – which, they seem to assume, cannot possibly be right. *Gallifrey – Notes on the Planet's Background*, a document written in 1990 for *New Adventures* authors by Cartmel, Marc Platt and Ben Aaronovitch, invents a complex Time Lord genealogy. At the beginning of Rassilon's reign, we learn, the Time Lords were somehow cursed into sterility by the head of a deposed line of hitherto unseen 'seer women', causing them to devise – by unstated means – both the process of regeneration and a method whereby new Gallifreyans could be generated from a genetic bank known as a 'Loom'; the subset of individuals grown from each loom are 'family' in the sense that each is a cousin to the other. Again, their *raison d'etre* appears to be a burning desire to somehow prove that Time Lords don't have sex. (Platt's wilfully oblique *New Adventure Lungbarrow* attempts to link this version to assertions made in the TV Movie; we'll return to both of these.)

In his 1996 guide to *Doctor Who* continuity *A History of the Universe*, fan writer Lance Parkin readily integrates Platt's theses into the body of his text, but pointedly delineates the second part of the sentence "Susan is his [the Doctor's] granddaughter . . . so he must have children of his own" as, quote, "speculation". Why? It's a fact as yet unchallenged in the TV series, whereas the substance of the Platt/*New Adventures* argument exists entirely outside the televised show, bar a few resolutely inconclusive and unspecified claims made by *Silver Nemesis*' Lady Peinforte concerning the Doctor's past activities, themselves hearsay.

Must *An Unearthly Child* be wrong? Other *Doctor Who* writers have been heartily slapped down for far lesser offences against continuity – the date of the Brigadier's retirement from UNIT in *Mawdryn Undead* being a case in point. Can you imagine the outcry if a future *Doctor Who* adventure revealed *Pyramids of Mars*' Sutekh to have always been the Meddling Monk in disguise? Nevertheless, it seems we're positively panting for someone to definitively revise the story of Susan's roots.

PATERNITY SUITS . . . The First Doctor and Susan in Marco Polo

Celibate

To be fair, those who've expounded on matters of Gallifreyan breeding don't necessarily have to be wrong. Are there really obvious gaps in our established, canonical knowledge of the Time Lords – spaces, gaps marked out to be filled? What do we actually know about Time Lord families, about their reproductive cycles – about sex and the single Gallifreyan?

Women and children first. It's remarkable to observe that it's not until *The Invasion of Time* – the series' 97th story! – that we are given any clear indication, other than Susan, that the Time Lords are not a single-sex race. The first 'other' Gallifreyan the Doctor ever encounters is the so-called Meddling Monk (*The Time Meddler*) – and what an instructive name that is. The closed, celibate, single-sex world of the monastic is repeatedly invoked thereon – in the Doctor's judges in *The War Games*, in the incongruous Cloisters in the TARDIS – and especially in *The Deadly Assassin*, with its allusions to

Who's that girl

So, who would have played the Doctor if she'd been a woman from the first? DWM rounds up the likely ladies . . .

Hermione Baddeley 1963–66

Renowned for unsympathetic roles in both *Brighton Rock* and the dour 'kitchen sink'-styled *Room at the Top*, film veteran Baddeley made an enthralling Doctor – part dragon, part slightly dotty maiden aunt. Eternal juvenile Melvyn Hayes was 'unearthly' grandson Stephen

Vivian Pickles 1966–69

Although much younger, and never a lead, the versatile Pickles had been a familiar TV face for 20 years (*Harpers West One*, etc) before being cast as Baddeley's successor. Her sprightly, elfin Doctor had a penchant for dressing-up, like a St Trinian's tomboy who never left school

the Papacy (for Vatican, read Panopticon). There, the Doctor is companionless – and is it outside the bounds of speculation to suggest that the *real* reason he could not take companion Sarah to Gallifrey with him is her sex? (The only trace of femininity in *The Deadly Assassin* is the automated, subservient Voice of the Network.)

***POPE CULTURE . . . Time Lords in* The Deadly Assassin**

Time Tots

But when we next visit Gallifrey, what do we find? Leela is taken there without hesitation and ends up marrying into its society. The outcast Outsiders are both male and female. And we meet our first Time Lady, the (seemingly) young and very lowly traffic controller Rodan; in the very next story we encounter the aloof Romana, freshly graduated from the Academy. Suddenly, our perception of Gallifrey has been subject to a sexual revolution, and the parallels between the Time Lords and the Papacy – Cardinals, Borgia-like finery, the assumption of infallibility – are broken down. What has happened to change all this? Well, for the first time ever, there has been no President in office. Is it unreasonable to suggest that, rather in the manner that the General Synod has recently been forced to accommodate the investiture of women, the Time Lords have been forced to admit hitherto hidden, cloistered females into their ranks? Were Time Ladies once a band apart – withdrawn space nuns? Were women there all the time, but – like the disembodied voice of the Matrix – invisible? Is this some painful seventies parallel to female emancipation? Maybe – just maybe – there's another reason entirely. To which we'll come back . . .

So it is with children. In *The Time Monster*, the Doctor talks about being "a little boy", and says that "we" lived in a house half-way up a mountain. The "little boy" is instructive, for there is little evidence that children live on Gallifrey at all – we never see one, and the pro-Loom camp will doubtless be delighted by *Shada*'s non-canonical status, thus rendering Romana's references to 'Time Tots' and Gallifreyan nurseries therein irrelevant. Certainly we have never, ever seen anything but apparently fully-grown adult denizens of Gallifrey – but note the Doctor's reference in *An Unearthly Child* to the supposedly brilliant children of his planet. No, we've not seen any – but they're certainly there.

The TV Movie, however, challenges all our preconceptions about the Doctor's own forebears – and, necessarily, his descendants too. Before his seventh regeneration, all we knew of the Doctor's line was that yes, he indeed had what could be described as a 'family'. In *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, he speaks affectionately of the people who "sleep in his mind", who he can bring back in front of his eyes when he really wants to – and although he speaks of them in the past tense, they are never said to be dead (he is just as likely to be referring to their absence in the sense that his fugitive status means that he believes he will never see them again). Suddenly, in turn-of-the-century San Francisco, we discover that he has a Gallifreyan father and a human mother – a fact hitherto unknown to arch-enemy the Master, which is very interesting indeed. The Master has always appeared to be deeply linked to the Doctor, seemingly aware of almost all his history – so much so that many have speculated that the pair must be blood relatives, a notion played up in stories like *Planet of Fire* ("Would you show mercy to one of your own?" hollers the Master as he meets his apparent end therein – a line of dialogue surely intended to be disingenuous at best). By inference, then, the Master is (or rather, was 'born') wholly Gallifreyan. Now, the TV Movie doesn't preclude their being related – but they can no longer be brothers. Half-brothers, with the same father, perhaps – they could still both have shared those warm Gallifreyan nights looking up at the sky. (We might go on to point out that the Master becomes

There seems to be a desire to somehow prove that Time Lords don't have sex

DWM

FUTURE Tory MP Tim Collins branded as "filth" Keith Topping's The Kick Inside, *a short story in a late eighties fanzine in which Tegan, post-*Resurrection, *visits her gynaecologist, who is surprised to hear that her unborn child has two heartbeats. "The concept is vile," fumed Collins.*

SPOT

Liz Fraser 1970–74

A comic actress familiar from several *Carry Ons*, Fraser's initial trepidation at taking on an ostensibly serious role soon dissipated. Her bossy, big-sisterly show-off of a Doctor was best paired with dippy companion Joe Grant (later *Playgirl* pin-up Robin Askwith)

Frances de la Tour 1974–81

Gangling, piercing-eyed Shakespearean actress de la Tour played a tweedy, louche, Bohemian Doctor part-based on Virginia Woolf. Caused a minor sensation when she married the young actor who played the second incarnation of Time Lord companion Roman – Peter Davison

DWM SPOT

JUST what is the common saying about 'size' said on both Earth and Gallifrey referred to in the TV Movie? Double- or single-entendre? We should be told.

involved with the Doctor very soon after the latter's capture by the Time Lords in *The War Games* and his subsequent exile to the planet Earth, so the Master would *only then* know where to go looking for his errant semi-sibling.)

The Doctor's origins, therefore, are unique, and unlike those of his certain contemporaries (the Master, the Rani, Runcible the Fatuous). As such, a tempting notion proposed by Liz Halliday in the fanzine *Skaro* – if their own women were sterile, were Earth women then used by the Gallifreyans as surrogate mothers? – can be discounted. *Lungbarrow* attempts to avoid its Loom theories suffer consequent unravelling by having the Doctor be the only member of his 'family' to have a navel – his contemporaries refer to him as 'Snail' or 'Wormhole' accordingly – thus implying that the Doctor was indeed born naturally, to a human woman. (Incidentally, the Doctor's belly-button has never actually been shown on screen, not even in the notorious 'shower scene' in *Spearhead From Space*. Nor has that of any other Time Lord; a shame, for such a 'smoking gun' would settle the argument decisively.)

The *New Adventures*/*Lungbarrow* argument was originally written up as a 'statement of future intent' by people who didn't actually get to see their ideas reach the screen, but its veracity is proven for many by virtue of the knowledge that they almost certainly would have if the show had not been cancelled in 1989. Surely, then, we're allowed to consider an alternative document of similar provenance . . .

METER MAID? First Time Lady Rodan

In *The Chronicles of Doctor Who?*, a 'bible' written by John Leekley in the mid-nineties for Amblin Television (whose executive producer Philip Segal went on to fulfil the same role on the TV Movie, which was substantially part of the same 'project'), the Doctor's father is named as Gallifreyan explorer 'Ulysses', "the most rebellious Time Lord in our history". It goes on to state that his mother was human: "an extraordinarily beautiful and bewitching woman from the Blue Planet. Her name was Annalisse."

> **Were Time Ladies once a cloistered band of withdrawn space nuns?**

Now, 'Ulysses' is the Roman name given to Odysseus, far-voyaging hero of Greek mythology. Given that it is long-established in *Doctor Who* that earthly myths and legends have their roots in science fiction 'fact' (the Devil is Azal in *The Daemons*, for example, Sutekh Satan in *Pyramids of Mars*) we might extrapolate from the Doctor's father's name his entire pseudo-history, as according to Homer's *The Odyssey* (and the word 'odyssey' is indeed used throughout the Leekley bible).

Incestuous

According to Homer, after conquering Troy, Odysseus/Ulysses sets off on the ten-year journey home, vanquishing several nasty monsters on the way. Presently, he arrives in the land of the sorceress Circe, with whom he has a child, Telegonus. Having abandoned Circe, Odysseus finally makes it back to Greece where he reclaims his wife, Penelope, and their son – Telemachus. Years later, Telegonus arrives in search of his father, battles with Telemachus, but ultimately kills Odysseus, whom he does not recognise. In a final twist, Telegonus marries Penelope and Telemachus Circe, which is all too sordid for words. If Ulysses is a Gallifreyan adventurer, and Circe Annalisse, his lover in the far-off 'land' of Earth, then the Doctor must be a Telegonus figure who unintentionally slays his own father. And if we factor in the possibility that the Master might be his half-brother, Telemachus – Ulysses' legitimate son by his Gallifreyan wife (a fact confirmed in these *Chronicles*, actually) – then we end up with the Doctor marrying the Master's mother and the Master settling down with the Doctor's. Blimey. No wonder the Doctor ran away from Gallifrey – and no wonder he's by and large steered clear of women since.

If all this is to be taken at face value – and would that sort of incestuous family saga really have made it past American network heads? Oh yeah, *Dynasty* – then we get to put a name to The Doctor's Wife. And so – admittedly by a route every bit as circuitous as the original *Odyssey* itself – we finally come to consider the matter of the Doctor's sexuality.

The party line on the subject of the three Doctor/Grace liplocks in the TV Movie is, of course, that they are aberrant at the very least. "The Doctor I know and love is an alien, asexual," rumbled **DWM**'s own Matthew Jones back in issue 244. "To make the Doctor heterosexual only serves to make him more ordinary . . . His curious asexuality has always given him a

Jan Francis 1982–84

Despite rumours that the next Doctor might be played by a man (former *New Avenger* Gareth Hunt is hotly tipped), the youngest actress yet is cast. Fresh from middlebrow thirties drama *The Good Companions*, Francis made for a sporty Doctor in Lottie Dod-style tennis whites

Lynda Bellingham 1984–86

Known to SF fans for her role as Barbara the Butcher in an episode of *Jenna's 7*, Bellingham's controversial Doctor was a loud, hectoring grand-dame of the theatre. Unceremoniously 'regenerated' following the Doctor's on- (and off-) screen inquisition in the epic *Trial of a Time Lady*

***ON HIS TODD? The Fifth Doctor goes in search of paradise in* Kinda**

childlike quality. Sex and romance seem to baffle him . . . He loves on a different level and in a different way to us mere mortals." Here's Philip MacDonald in **DWM** 252: "when our hero starts snogging some hospital doctor in San Francisco, we feel our hackles rising because it's simply such a small, wordly, embarrassing thing for him to do. He's got a universe to look after." The latter is utter humbug; elsewhere in the same feature MacDonald blithely reels off lists of "small, wordly" activities of the Doctor's of which he heartily approves – his passion for jelly babies, his playing with his yo-yo, his sulks, tantrums and fits of pique. It's not the smallness or worldliness of the smooch which he objects to; the key word in the line is "embarrassing". Perhaps he just doesn't consider Grace – "some hospital doctor" – to be a worthy recipient of such a grand hero's affections. Who *would* be suitable? Acres of newsprint has been spent discussing the apparent ghastliness of Ms Holloway – witness the rise of the 'Grace Holloway Is Stupid' club, which really exists – but hardly anyone has referred to the Doctor's line about knowing Marie Curie "intimately". He pointedly fails to respond to Grace's enquiry "Did she kiss as good as me?" – and Curie, might we remind you all, was the famous Madame's married name. Is the fact of a furtive clinch with an anonymous 30-something singleton somehow less offensive than the implication of an adulterous fling with an exotic (dead) French chemist? Sorry, Philip, but your remarks suggest the fear which the best mate of a soon-to-be-married man often feels – that 'some woman' is taking his drinking pal away from him, that she's come between you and she's going to split you up. Embarrassing, isn't it?

Matt Jones' comments, too, bear deeper scrutiny. Did the TV Movie "make the Doctor heterosexual"? Look at the scrupulously choreographed ambiguities of the three kisses: the first, initiated by the Doctor, is a big, expansive, theatrical gesture in response to his newly-reawakened memories of himself; the second is initiated by Grace, and is maybe caused by her misinterpreting the first as being largely sexual; the last is almost rueful, the Doctor indulging feelings which he cannot return. Seen in that light, they are indeed "asexual", loving "on a different level". The actuality of bodily contact is perhaps all that there is to differentiate his relationship with Grace from his relationships with Cameca (in *The Aztecs*) and Science Officer Todd (in *Kinda*). The former, again, can be read as apologetic. But the latter, although more subtle, is every bit as ambiguous as the TV Movie: she tempts him with an apple (this being a story loaded with motifs and symbols, and not one is wasted); he slips his arm around her; they end up holding hands. No, there's no hot tongue action, but there's definitely conspicuous 'space' in the story for a genuine, unfussy, romance; when the Doctor and Todd return from the jungle, the Doctor bashfully claims to have been doing "Nothing much. Having fun" – before going on to make the coy admission that, "I think Paradise is a little too green for me." It's a lovely, quietly moving scene – and utterly pointless if viewed as being to do with anything other than matters of the hearts.

Love triangle

Matt is spot on, however, when he talks about the Doctor being different from us "mere mortals". The Doctor has a lifespan potentially ten, 20, 30 times longer than any human being, so how can he possibly have a meaningful relationship with anyone who'll be gone to dust and ashes in, effectively, the blink of an eye – or, indeed, when he may well suddenly regenerate, become an utterly different person and simply not be suited to his other half any more? We can imagine the First Doctor gently strolling around the Garden of Peace with Cameca, but could the Second, Third, Fourth *et al* do the same? Of course not. There's nothing especially positive or virtuous about the fact that sex and romance are "beyond" him – in fact, it's unutterably tragic.

And is it so hard to imagine that that might be the very reason we never hear about Susan's mother – that he just can't bear to talk about

DWM

IN Logopolis, *the Watcher is a 'future projection' of the Doctor which merges with his broken fourth body and enables him to regenerate. This putative Time Lord is ethereal, fuzzy and entirely androgynous, adding further weight to the idea that Gallifreyan gender is fluid at best.*

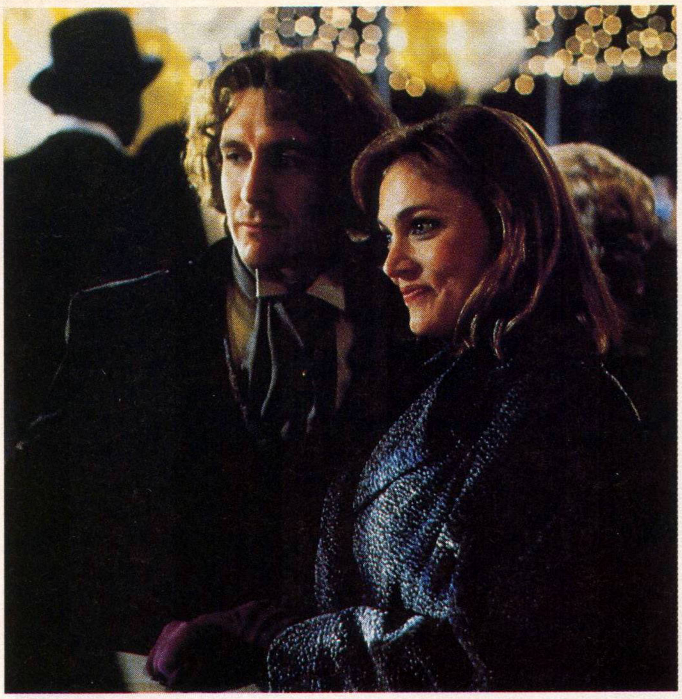
SPOT

Pauline Melville 1987–89

Virtually unknown fringe cabaret and cult comedy artiste is surprise choice for 'back to basics' Seventh Doctor. Fan fears that series will become showcase for childish high-jinks up-ended when Melville stories adopt a sombre, downbeat mood, performed with conviction and gravitas

Miranda Richardson 1996

The eldest in a successful line of acting siblings, a favourite of BBC producers since high-profile lead debut in revisionist biographical drama of notorious 20th century 'villain', makes a bid for American network stardom via lavish new big-haired version of *Doctor Who*. *Star Trek* actor Alexander Siddig plays love interest Dr Brian



GRACE IN FAVOUR . . . The Eighth Doctor and Miss Holloway

DWM

IN 1986, several Labour Euro MPs wrote to BBC Director General Alisdair Milne demanding that Colin Baker's replacement be a woman. "It will encourage girls to think of making careers in science," was their rather spurious claim.

SPOT

it? If he made the same mistake as his father, and fell in love with a transient Earth woman, was it then a *Nineteen Eighty-Four*-style 'sex crime' which had him go on the run from his own people in the first place? Was Rassilon's shibboleth of non-intervention in the affairs of other planets made out of a desire to protect his *own* kind? Such an assertion certainly places an entirely new perspective on his attitude to the romance which develops between Susan and Londoner David Campbell during *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*; initially protective and disapproving, perhaps fearing for her inevitable heartbreak, he eventually elects to allow her to make her own mistakes ("no regrets, no tears, no anxieties. Just go forward in all your beliefs"). And yes, as Malcolm Hulke suggests in his novelisation of *The Green Death*, the Doctor *is* made jealous by the attachment between Jo Grant and Cliff Jones – but not necessarily because he fancies Jo on the sly, or even because he feels some misguided paternal disapproval of Cliff. Perhaps it's because, as is pointed out, Cliff is much like a younger version of himself – one who can live the mortal, Earthly life which will always be denied him, which he surreptitiously covets?

Delta and the Bannermen lends fresh credence to this position. His thoughts turned to the condition of the heart after becoming embroiled in the machinations of a love triangle comprising a Valleys lass, a rock 'n' rolling mechanic and an alien queen, the Seventh Doctor attempts to warn the unlistening Billy against taking up with Chimeron monarch Delta. "I know without a male the species will be wiped out," he protests, "but I haven't seen many examples of species crossing. There could be the most dreadful mutations. I can't condone this foolishness!" Whereupon he turns his gaze away and broods, his eyebrows twitching sadly. "But then," he murmurs, "love has never been known for its rationality." He's clearly entirely lost in his own melancholy; what can it be he's thinking of?

All this, of course, suggests that fellow Time Lords are fair and proper game, which makes the *State of Decay* scene in which he tells Romana "You are wonderful" (she positively glows in response) truly fascinating. Which leads us back to intra-Gallifreyan nookie . . .

Groin

We already know that humans and Time Lords share broadly the same physiognomy. Both have two arms and two legs, both are carbon-based, both have oxygen-dependent cardio-vascular systems (albeit a binary version on Gallifrey). It's fair to assume that humans and Gallifreyans are capable of inter-breeding; the Doctor's father and mother, Susan and David, Leela and Andred all provide strong circumstantial evidence for this. It's not unreasonable to propose that their reproductive organs are both compatible and broadly similar; in *The Mark of the Rani*, the Rani knees the Master in the groin, and we see that it hurts (yes, the Master is in the body of a Trakenite. The Rani doesn't necessarily know that, but she certainly knows how to make a Time Lord's eyes water). However, we still don't have any direct evidence that Time Ladies bear children in the same way as humans do; we have never yet encountered a Time Lady who is also a mother. The Loom looms large again. Unless . . .

What if Time Lords *can* swap sexes or somesuch when they regenerate? In *The Hand of Fear*, the Kastrian Eldrad's body is seen to

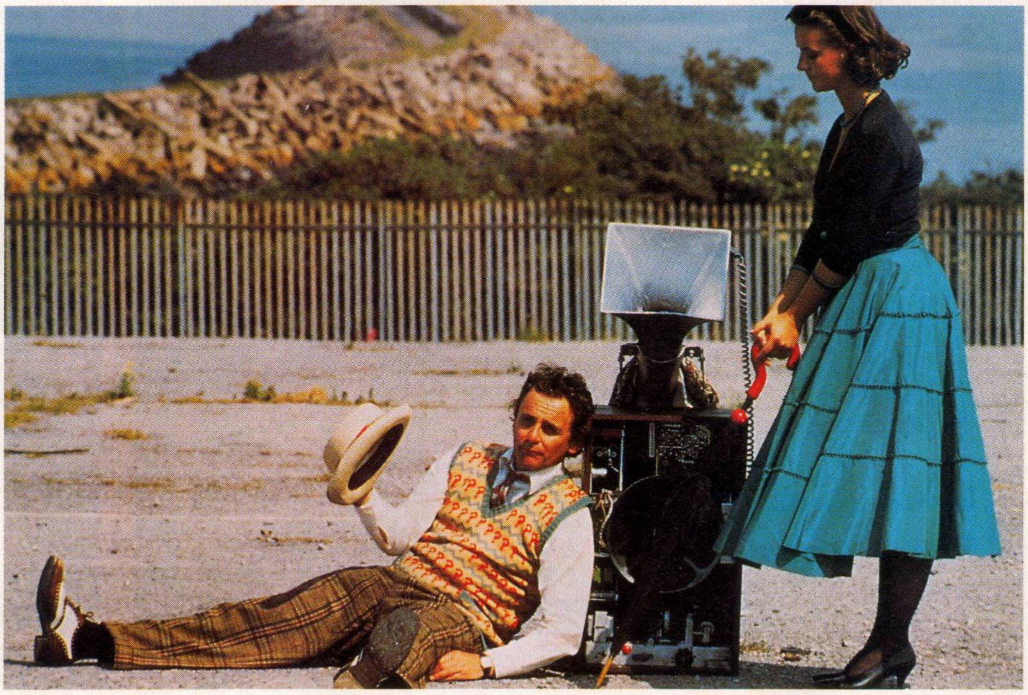
Would Gallifreyan gender-benders register sexual orientation at all?

TOGA EXERCISE? The Doctor and a variant Romana, aka 'Fred'

It's fair to assume that humans and Time Lords are able to cross-breed

regenerate itself, transmuting from an alien with secondary sexual characteristics broadly similar to a human female to one which is broadly male. Registering the fact that the Doctor appears to be surprised by this gender-bending, the new Eldrad laughs, "Come, Doctor . . . as a Time Lord you should be well-acquainted with the processes of regeneration." Does s/he know something we don't? (Readers should note that personal pronouns may become fluid from this point in.)

We've already noted that, at one point, Time Ladies appeared to be unknown within high Gallifreyan society. What if 'females' were/are segregated to avoid the social embarrassment which would doubtless ensue when Time Lords swapped genders? If such a thing were commonplace, would Gallifreyan sexual behaviour become fantastically eclectic and polygamous, not registering 'orientation' at all – or would the sexes section themselves off, those changing into 'breeders' being told to get themselves hence to a nunnery, or the nearest equivalent? Marriage in the sense that we understand it would be impossible for the same reasons outlined earlier – after all, it'd be terribly difficult to remain faithful when your spouse has become a different person entirely (imagine all the possible grounds for divorce!).



FLOORED HERO . . . Ray causes the Seventh Doctor to ponder l'amour in Delta and the Bannermen

Eunuch

The TV Movie provides us with a tantalising suggestion about Time Lords' bodily make-up. Grace, having observed that the Master can transmute into a serpentine being, asks the Doctor: "Why don't you have the ability to transform yourself into another species?" To which the Doctor replies: "Well, I *do* – but only when I die . . . [The Master] is on his last life, fighting to survive. And as science has shown *us* [*my italics*] again and again, in the fight for survival there are no rules." Following his extermination by the Daleks, does the Master in fact revert to his natural state – the amorphous, translucent glop which breaks free of his burial casket and is seen slithering beneath the TARDIS console? Are Time Lords fundamentally amoeboid, able to remorph their mass into an approximately human form 13 times? Is it the case that Time Lords don't have babies after all, but just revert to this amoeboid state and multiply themselves by some process similar to cellular division? Such a thing would make sexual difference on Gallifrey utterly redundant. Perhaps they appear to be mostly male simply because, like Eldrad, they didn't actually choose to be like that; they simply modelled themselves after the first human they encountered – a male, evidently. And as awareness of other races and sexes became known, the younger ones – the ones who'd come into contact with other species, other genders – simply had a broader menu of forms to choose from. Hence Romana's trying on of new bodies at the beginning of *Destiny of the Daleks*, one of which is a eunuch-like blue-skinned alien midget.

So there's your answer: no, amoeboid cells don't fall in love. They only ever split up . . .

There's no real reason why the Doctor shouldn't be a man, a woman, a father, a mother, straight, gay, bi, asexual, bigamous, polygamous, light-skinned, dark-skinned, blue-skinned – whatever. By the same token, there's no reason why Time Lords can be any of these, other than what we know of already; they might just as easily be grown on a Loom as found under gooseberry bushes at the bottom of the garden.

The death of creativity is to insist upon a certain set of diktats – "in the fight for survival, there are no rules", remember – and *Doctor Who*'s very eclecticism is what has always made it brilliant. He time travels in a Police Box that's bigger inside than out! He drops dead to the floor – and his face completely changes! The show's always been happy to up-end 'established' fact when it counts, and if clever, witty, trustworthy people decide that a future Doctor does not have to be seen in the form of a white Anglo-Saxon male, that s/he might want to marry a man, a woman or a Tythonian ambassador, then good luck to them – and someone else can expound at great length an entirely different set of new theories.

Incidentally, there was one other tricky missive in Terry Nation's postbag all those years ago. A second quizling wrote to ask why nothing was ever said regarding Susan's grandmother, the missing 'Mrs Who'. Terry's reply? That of course she existed – and the Doctor was "very fond" of her.

Now, isn't that good to know? DWM

Timelines

compiled by **Alan Barnes**

Send your letters to Timelines, Doctor Who Magazine, Marvel Comics, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ, or e-mail us at doctorwho@marmags.demon.co.uk – marking your letter 'Timelines' in the subject line. No general enquiries by e-mail, please. For subscriptions details, see page 51.

SQUADDIES GET MARCHING ORDERS

How low can the BBC stoop? In order to sell us their *Invasion: Earth* series, was it really necessary to dedicate a recent article in the *Radio Times* to a cheap and inaccurate slagging-off of "British TV's previous efforts"? Not only did columnist Nick Griffith launch into *Doctor Who* with his pitchfork, but *Blake's 7*, *Red Dwarf*, *The Uninvited*, Quatermass and poor Gerry Anderson's entire televisual output were also attacked.

It was bad enough putting up with the BBC's pathetic comparisons with *Doctor Who* as part of the *Crime Traveller* sales pitch. They even nicked the TV Movie's tagline, for goodness' sake! And where did it get them? Nowhere! So this time they're trying the no-holds-barred approach, and have elected to make a public mockery of other shows' embarrassing wobbly sets, rubber monsters and/or budgetary shortcomings . . .

How could a cliché-ridden alien invasion series with *dramatis personae* consisting of insipid squaddies with no charisma possibly hold any appeal to us? CGI and big explosions do not a good TV series make, so if we as Whovians, Blakeys or whatever are living in the past, then so be it – it's all we've got, and we're happy with it. It will be a great day for British television when the BBC manage to convince us otherwise. Not to mention a miracle.

Vickie Clarke
Shanklin, Isle of Wight

STRANGE NEW WORLDS UNCHARTED

Why is it that so few *Doctor Who* novels, strips, or even short stories are set on other worlds? (Of the eight stories on the *Short Trips* tape, seven were set on Earth, and one might as well have been.) Granted, some of the individual Earth-based adventures have been pretty good, it's just that there are far too many of them. Don't the authors have the imagination to create new planets? It's not as if they have to worry about a special effects budget! When we do get to see other planets, they might as well be Earth half the time. In both *Kursaal* and *Seeing I*, for example, there are unqualified references to "the moon". So either the planet in each book has a single fairly large moon (a coincidence that should surely be acknowledged by the authors) or else the authors simply forgot their novel was not set on Earth. It's not as if the moon played a minor part in *Kursaal*! Then there's gravity differences – only Paul Leonard, in *Dreamstone Moon*, bothers to mention these; do all the other authors assume we wouldn't notice if we suddenly lost or gained a couple of stones in weight?

And am I the only one who's sick of seeing posters, book covers etc which feature all five (or six, or seven, or eight, or even nine now) Doctor's heads? This whole regeneration business has got way out of hand. At one time a single actor would play the Doctor, and for several years he *was* the Doctor. Now, we have to see his whole bloody life cycle every time he appears in the *Radio Times*; the actor playing him is no longer the Doctor, he's just 'the latest'. Imagine if every time they made a new series of *Wycliffe*, the *Radio Times* printed a poster with a Wycliffe foetus head, a Wycliffe toddler head, a Wycliffe teenager head . . .

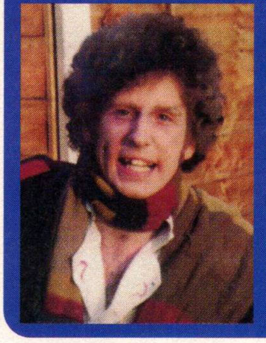
Finally, regarding the question of what the Doctor was doing in 1963 London [*see* The Revenge of the Matrix Data Bank, **DWM** *266*], it's perfectly reasonable for the Doctor to go to the BBC to get his colour scanner fixed. After all, the American colour TV standard is NTSC, whereas the TARDIS scanner is clearly PAL. And I should know, I work in video. (Certainly it makes more sense than burying the Hand of Omega on a populated planet.)

Paul Beardsley
via e-mail

THE *OTHER* FOURTH DOCTOR REVEALED!

Back in the early eighties I worked for BBC Enterprises playing the Fourth Doctor, due to my similarity to Tom Baker. I was based at the Blackpool *Doctor Who* exhibition but I travelled to many parts of the country opening fetes, doing charity work etc as Doctor Who.

Since those days I have gone on to be an actor in my own right. Wasn't it William Hartnell who said that once you've been involved with *Doctor Who*, a little of the magic always stays with you? If so, he was right. A little while ago I grew my hair for an acting part and shaved my beard off – and straight away I had comments from fellow actors about my likeness to Tom Baker's Doctor. I felt like I hadn't left it all behind, it was all still lurking under the surface – and a lot of the old memories came back of my time as the alternative Doctor . . .



I've enclosed a few pictures from my time as the Doctor. It gave me so much pleasure, and virtually launched my acting career.

Ian Britten-Hull
Greenwich,
London

FANGS FOR EVERYTHING?

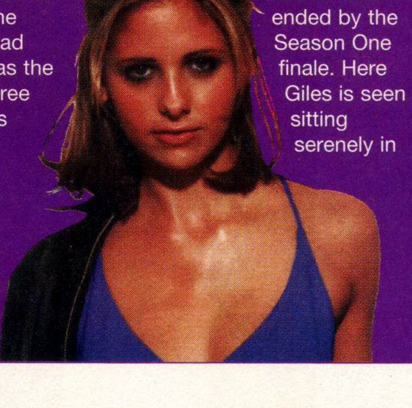
While waiting for the Doctor to return, *Who* fans could do worse than watch *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* on Sky One. No, really. Honest.

Buffy bears little resemblance to the dire film of the same name. It offers a glimpse of how *Doctor Who* should have continued had the TV Movie been a hit Stateside – scary monsters and everything! Anthony Head (yes, the bloke from the Gold Blend ads) plays Giles, a Professor/librarian who is very similar to the Doctor (in fact, Head would be brilliant as the Doctor). He has three young companions and together they fight monsters. Buffy, the Slayer, has similarities to Ace – she's an outcast being trained by the Doctor . . . sorry, librarian. The only element missing is the TARDIS, although Giles' library bears a striking resemblance to the TV Movie console room and provides the same element of sanctuary in the stories.

If all this sounds like coincidence it is worth considering that creator Joss Whedon grew up in the UK and admits there is an English influence on the show. Any doubts I had about the similarities were ended by the Season One finale. Here Giles is seen sitting serenely in the library reading and drinking tea. As an evil force makes its presence known his tea spins before smashing to the ground in slow-motion. Sound familiar?

Oh, did I mention that there's a recurring nemesis called the Master who dresses in black and has hypnotic powers? No? Well, there is.

Chris Gregory
Denton, Manchester



Chris is, of course, utterly correct. Equally, my own personal fascination with Buffy *over the last few weeks has developed out of an entirely above-board desire to recapture some of that Saturday evening* Who*-ish ambience. And not for entirely spurious, clammy-palmed reasons to do with worryingly young LA ladies running about left, right and centre. No sir!*

Oh look, here's a nice picture of that Sarah Michelle Gellar. Blimey.

WANDAFUL!

Really enjoyed **DWM** 266, not least because of Peter Griffiths' marvellous interview with Donald Pickering and Wanda Ventham. These people should have a regular column of their own! They are absolutely spellbinding storytellers, and an unsurpassable double-act. The idea that Dr Runciman from *Mawdryn Undead* should suddenly pop up mid-interview was too surreal to bear, and leads me to believe that this little village in Gloucestershire is, in actual fact, a sort of Stella Street for *Doctor Who* actors! Presumably Tilda and Tabby from *Paradise Towers* run the cake shop, and the Master does the milk round of a morning . . .

Matthew Bennett
Newport, Gwent

*Those of you who've been enjoying our 'two-for-the-price-of-one' interviews of late will be pleased to hear that Mr Griffiths has recently reunited both Nerys Hughes and Simon Rouse (*Kinda*) and Karen Gledhill and Pamela Salem (*Remembrance of the Daleks*). Look out for these in* **DWM** *soon!*

DOCTOR NAILED

Many congratulations on the first part of *Wormwood* – it really *felt* like the first episode of a new Doctor. Izzy's reaction when she confronts a more alien and distant Doctor was wonderful, and his throwing the china to the floor was a great laugh, instantly nailing the character.

The comic strip has become a major draw for me. It's got that intangible *Who*-ishness in spades. Stick with the new Doctor even when the TV series returns – you're creating a unique new piece of *Doctor Who*.

Simon Burt
Wakefield, Yorks

I'm just writing to say that I think that the new Doctor is going to be very good. He's quite similar to the Sixth Doctor in some ways, and I think it will definitely liven up the comic. I was also wondering if, when the Threshold saga in the comic strip ends, whether or not you are going to bring out a graphic novel with all of the Threshold stories in colour, because I think that would be a really good idea.

Anyway, I think that the whole magazine is brilliant, despite the editor's odd taste in music. Oh, and the Perfect Day really did live up to its name.

Stephen Oakes
via e-mail

I have just read *Wormwood* and it is absolutely brilliant. The new Doctor is rather sketchy but this is only Part One of his first story – I have every confidence that your brilliant team will flesh him out more in later episodes. I assume this is going to be the big finale – all I can say is that it's been 3 years of questions, so we better get some answers.

Charles Smith
via e-mail

AND FINALLY . . .

You lot don't like me very much, do you? Tee hee hee.

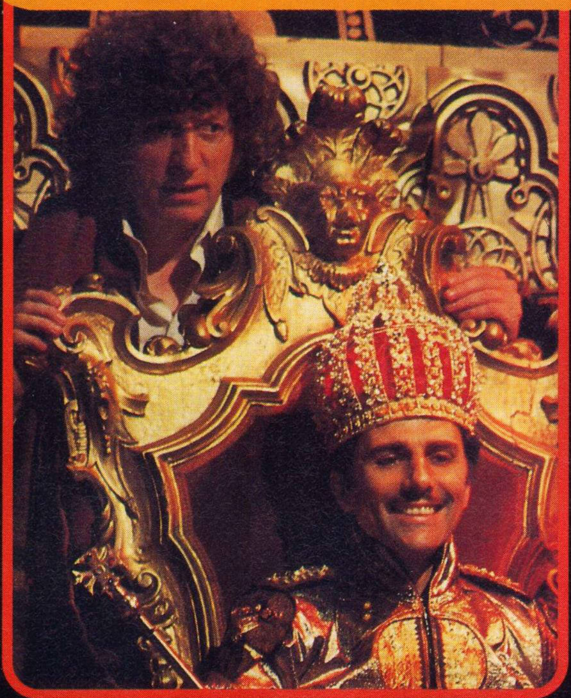
Where I walk I leave dust, darkness. I find that good.

Sutekh the Destroyer
via e-mail

Thanks for that . . .

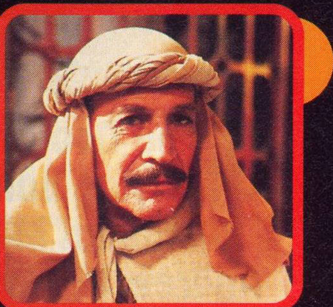
Next issue . . .

The Fisher king!



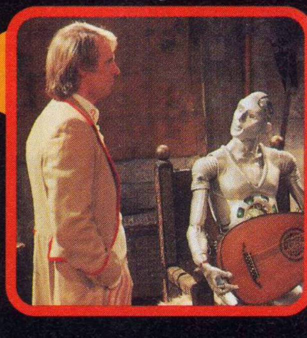
Top Fourth Doctor writer David Fisher reveals the lineage, legend and lore of *The Stones of Blood*, *City of Death*, *The Creature From the Pit*, *The Leisure Hive* and his unquestioned crowning glory – *The Androids of Tara*!

Jason King!



Swingin'! Seventies pop icon Peter Wyngarde tells tales from the glam Lanzarote location of *Planet of Fire*!

The King's Demons!



Season Twenty's finale jousts for inclusion in *The DWM Archive* – plus director Tony Virgo on getting Mediaeval!

Plus!

Kate Orman has a hell of a time in search of *Doctor Who*'s black magic connections!

The Threshold's plans for universal domination reach their climax – but does the Doctor have an ace yet to play? Shock developments in *Wormwood*!

Shelf Life! Jackie Jenkins! A king-sized helping of your favourite regular features!

DWM 269

On sale 27 August

THE TIME MONSTER

In the lab at UNIT HQ, Jo (Katy Manning) and the Doctor (Jon Pertwee) determine to track down the Master

The Doctor and friends come under attack from flying bombs plucked from the past – and face the fabled Minotaur in the vaults of ancient Atlantis. Andrew Pixley tells behind-the-scenes tales of the last story to feature every member of the UNIT ensemble.

EPISODE ONE

In his lab at UNIT HQ, the Doctor has a nightmare involving the Master, a huge crystal, volcanic eruptions and ancient murals. When he wakes, Jo Grant tells him about volcanic activity in a group of islands off the coast of Greece which are believed to mark the location of the lost city of Atlantis. The Doctor attempts to convince Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart that the Master is at work again, but the Brigadier is more concerned about a demonstration of a device called TOMTIT – an acronym for Transmission Of Matter Through Interstitial Time – at the Newton Institute at Wootton. The Doctor insists on staying behind to work on a 'time sensor' with which to track the Master's TARDIS; the Brigadier takes Sergeant Benton with him instead.

TOMTIT has been developed by one Professor Thascalos alongside his assistants Dr Ruth Ingram and Stuart Hyde; both are unaware that 'Thascalos' is actually the Master. The Institute's new Director, Dr Charles Percival, believes 'Thascalos' to be a fraud, but the Master mesmerises him. While 'Thascalos' is away from the lab, Ruth and Stuart try out the imminent demonstration of TOMTIT, and transport a vase through interstitial time from the laboratory into the adjacent radiation room. A small version of the crystal which the Doctor saw in his dream is attached to the device; it glows with light, and a bizarre time field is generated which forces a window cleaner outside to fall from his ladder. Meanwhile, the Doctor's time sensor becomes active; he sets out with Jo in Bessie to track down the source of the temporal disturbance, which he soon realises is the Newton Institute.

'Thascalos' avoids meeting the Brigadier and greets committee representative Dr Humphrey Cook face-to-face by entering the demonstration in full radiation suit. He starts up TOMTIT and, as the machine's power builds, calls out: "Come, Kronos, come!"

In Stuart's rooms, Stuart (Ian Collier), Ruth (Wanda Moore) and Sergeant Benton (John Levene) elect to confront the bogus 'Thascalos'

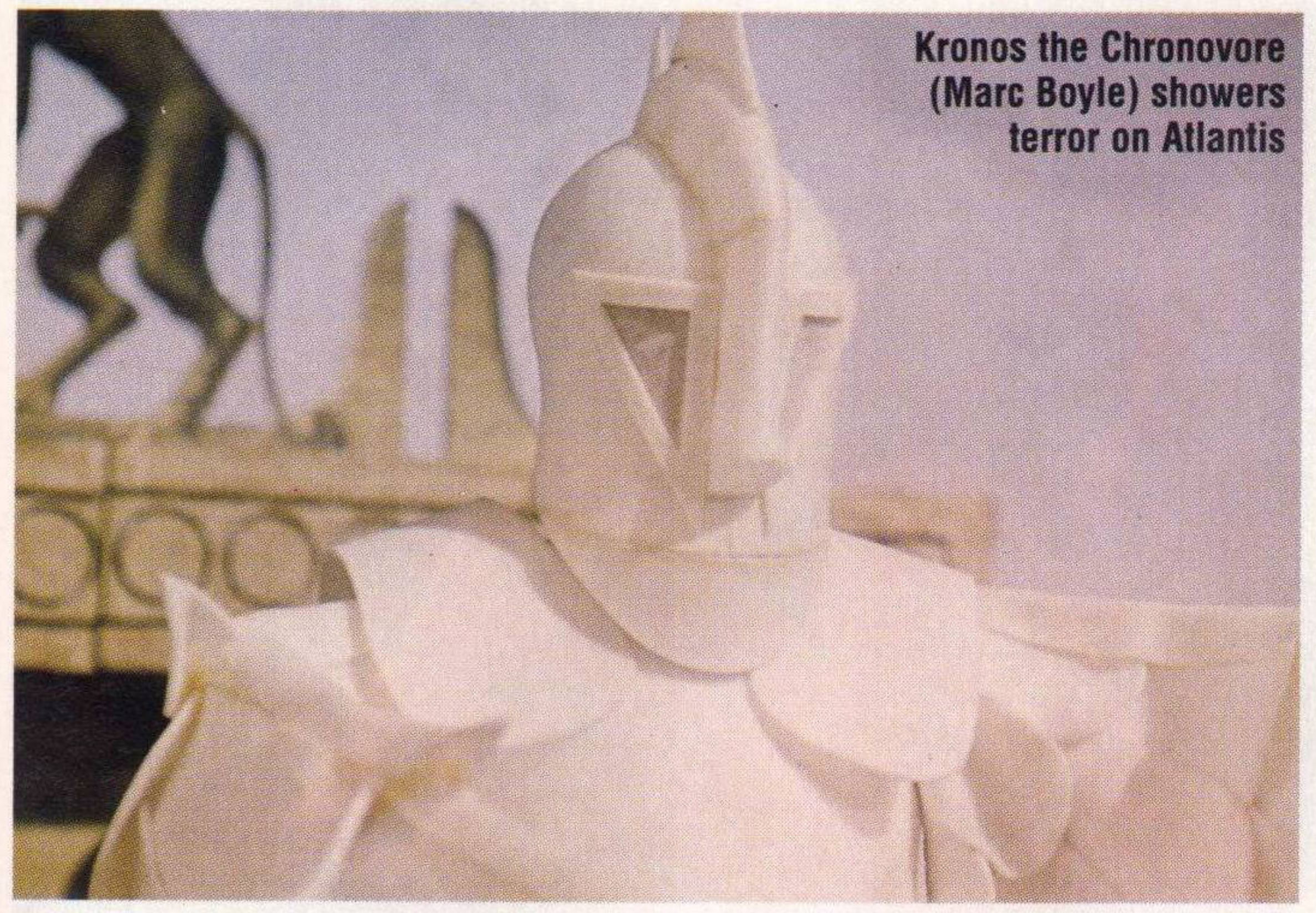
EPISODE TWO

Arriving at the Institute, the Doctor is able to move through the time field to the laboratory; the Master has already fled. As TOMTIT is shut down, the group discover that Stuart has aged from a 25 year-old into a man in his eighties. The Doctor deduces Thascalos' identity, and identifies the Crystal of Kronos. The fearsome Kronos was a Chronovore, a 'time-eater' from beyond space/time known as a god in Atlantean myths of 4,000 years earlier; the crystal was used by Atlantean priests to contain the creature. A computer bank is revealed to be the Master's TARDIS. The Doctor and Ruth join Jo, who is looking after the aged Stuart in his rooms.

The Brigadier radios Yates to have a convoy bring the Doctor's TARDIS to Wootton. The Master hides out in Percival's office, completing calculations which will prevent TOMTIT's power building up as before; he then makes a hoax phone call to Benton, impersonating the Brigadier's voice in a bid to lure Benton away from guarding the TOMTIT lab. However, the suspicious Benton returns as the Master and Percival enter. The Master overpowers Benton and powers up TOMTIT; a priest from ancient Atlantis materialises in the radiation room . . .

EPISODE THREE

Claiming to rule over Kronos, the Master introduces himself to Krasis, High Priest of the Temple of Poseidon in Atlantis; Krasis' seal bears the mathematics which the Master needs to control the Chronovore. TOMTIT is activated again in a bid to summon Kronos. The Doctor's party are taking Stuart to an ambulance when the time field hits them; Stuart returns to normal, but the Brigadier and Ruth are caught in an eddy. In the radiation room, the glowing bird-like figure of Kronos appears from inside the crystal and devours Percival; the Master wards off the creature with Krasis' seal, sending it back whence it came. Krasis reveals that the Master's crystal is only a fraction of the true crystal, which is kept in the vaults of Atlantis.


Kronos the Chronovore (Marc Boyle) showers terror on Atlantis

In ancient Atlantis, young Lord Hippias discusses Krasis' disappearance with King Dalios, who is over 500 years old; Dalios fears Kronos' return, explaining that the crystal is protected by the half-man, half-beast Guardian.

In Stuart's room, the Doctor delays the Master's departure for Atlantis by lashing together a device known as a 'time flow analogue'. As the heavily-armed UNIT convoy led by Yates approaches Wootton, the Master uses TOMTIT to pluck elements from the past with which to attack the lorries bearing the Doctor's TARDIS; a knight in armour, Roundhead soldiers and finally a German 'doodlebug' rocket of World War 2. The rocket falls as the Doctor, Jo and Brigadier are driving out to meet the convoy. They see a huge explosion, and the Brigadier's radio contact with Yates goes dead: "Mike, can you hear me?"

EPISODE FOUR

Although badly injured, the UNIT troops have survived the blast; the Doctor, Jo and Brigadier join them. As the Master powers up his TARDIS, the Doctor's time sensor becomes active. The Doctor and Jo enter the TARDIS, intending to materialise inside the Master's craft. However, something goes wrong and each of the two vessels materialises inside the other.

Having decided to confront the Master in the laboratory, Benton, Ruth and Stuart arrive just as the Master escapes into his TARDIS, taking both Krasis and the crystal with him. The Master has activated TOMTIT; the Brigadier and the incoming UNIT troops become 'frozen in time'. Ruth's attempts to rectify this result in Benton ageing backwards, reverting into a baby.

The two TARDISes head for Atlantis with the Doctor and Master engaged in a battle of wits; eventually, the Doctor is forced to confront the Master and Krasis in the Master's TARDIS. The Master unleashes Kronos and the Doctor vanishes, flung out into the time vortex. Turning his attention to Jo, the Master decides to dispose of the Doctor's TARDIS; Jo looks on in terror as the ship starts to spin out of control . . .

EPISODE FIVE

Jo recovers to hear the Doctor's thoughts being broadcast to her via the TARDIS' telepathic circuits; he directs her to activate the 'Extreme Emergency' control on the console, and he duly appears.

Materialising in ancient Atlantis, the Master and Krasis arrive at the Temple of Poseidon during a council meeting helmed by King Dalios; Hippias has been manipulated by Dalios' wife, the young Queen Galleia, to speak out against the old ruler. The Master claims to be an emissary from the gods, and although he catches Galleia's attention, he fails to take in the wise and ancient Dalios. Having followed the Master's trail via the time sensor, the Doctor and Jo are saved from Krasis by Hippias and taken to Dalios. Dalios enjoys philosophising with the Doctor, while Jo is made a lady of the Atlantean court. Jo and Lakis, a handmaiden, overhear Galleia conspiring with the Master to gain the Crystal of Kronos by sending Hippias to slay the Guardian – which the Doctor has guessed is the Minotaur of legend.

While Lakis attempts to warn the Doctor and Dalios of the Master's plan, Jo follows Hippias to where he enters the vault – but she is pushed into the Guardian's lair by Krasis, reacting in horror as she sees something hideous . . .

EPISODE SIX

The Guardian approaches Jo; Hippias' intervention saves her life, although the creature kills him. Alerted by Lakis, the Doctor arrives to overpower the Minotaur matador-style, but he and Jo are captured by Krasis as they gaze upon the Crystal. By now, the Master has seized power alongside Galleia. The Doctor and Jo are imprisoned; flung into their cell, the dying Dalios implores the Doctor to save the world from Kronos.

Next morning, at the Temple, the Master prepares to give the Doctor and Jo to Kronos. However, on hearing that Dalios is dead, Galleia demands the duplicitous Master's arrest. The Master has Krasis activate the Crystal; Kronos appears, showering destruction on Atlantis. In the chaos, the Master escapes in his TARDIS with the Crystal and Jo. Galleia releases the Doctor and he follows in his craft. The Time Lords engage in a stand-off; the Doctor threatens to 'time-ram' the Master, destroying both ships. However, the Doctor is unable to kill Jo – so Jo completes the manoeuvre. There is a blaze of light . . .

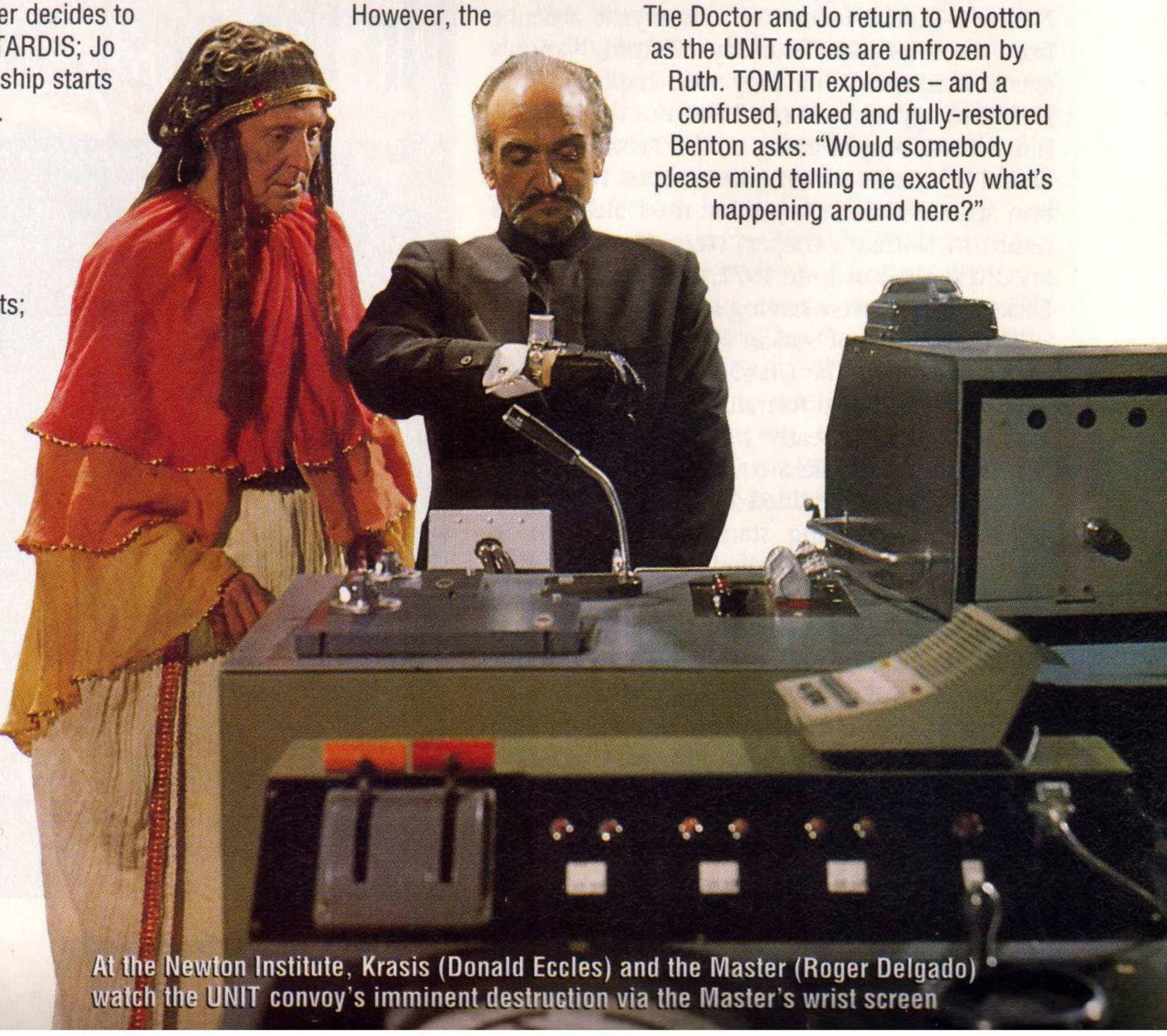
The travellers recover in a limbo on the edge of reality to face Kronos, now in female form – who thanks the Doctor for releasing her. The Doctor pleads for Kronos to spare the Master's life, intending that Earth's authorities should punish him – but the Master escapes in his TARDIS. The Doctor and Jo return to Wootton as the UNIT forces are unfrozen by Ruth. TOMTIT explodes – and a confused, naked and fully-restored Benton asks: "Would somebody please mind telling me exactly what's happening around here?"

"The laughing stock of UNIT"

In his laboratory, the Doctor insists to the Brigadier that his seeing the Master in a dream augurs ill.

BRIGADIER In any case, Doctor, every section of UNIT now has the search for the Master written into standing orders.
DOCTOR Priority Z144, I suppose.
BRIGADIER Priority A One, actually.
DOCTOR Look, I tell you, Brigadier, there is grave danger.
BRIGADIER Danger of what, for heaven's sake?
DOCTOR Well I'm not sure . . . but in my dream, I quite clearly saw . . .
BRIGADIER If it got out, you'd be the laughing stock of UNIT. A dream! Really Doctor. You'll be consulting the entrails of a sheep next.

From The Time Monster *Episode One by Robert Sloman*


At the Newton Institute, Krasis (Donald Eccles) and the Master (Roger Delgado) watch the UNIT convoy's imminent destruction via the Master's wrist screen

BBC [4]

In Production

Katy Manning and Jon Pertwee rehearse the "daisiest daisy" scene on the Atlantean cell set

Having co-written *The Daemons* alongside producer Barry Letts under the pen-name 'Guy Leopold' in January 1971, playwright Robert Sloman's next *Doctor Who* project was a six-part storyline titled *The Daleks in London*. This was commissioned by script editor Terrance Dicks on Friday 25 May 1971 with a target delivery date of Monday 2 August.

On Tuesday 14 April, the BBC had started to make enquiries into the possible use of Terry Nation's Daleks following a four-year absence from the series. On Thursday 22 April, Nation's agents confirmed that they were happy for the Daleks to appear in *Doctor Who*, but that Nation himself was busy working on *The Persuaders!* and would be unable to write the scripts. The intention appears to have been that the Daleks would return in Sloman's six-part story. Sloman storylined the serial in June 1971. However, by then Dicks and Letts were having second thoughts . . .

The first serial of Season Nine was planned to be Louis Marks' *The Ghost Hunters*, which had been storylined and formally commissioned on Friday 1 April. In early June, Dicks and Letts decided that the Daleks could easily be added to Marks' story (since retitled *Years of Doom*) to give an attention-grabbing start to the season in January 1972. Dicks redrafted Marks' story breakdown to feature the Daleks; Marks revised his scripts for delivery on Monday 5 July. (Latterly the serial would be renamed *Day of the Daleks*.)

> "I rather ambitiously decided that Atlantis was a film concept. I wanted you to really feel it was in the past"
>
> **Paul Bernard**

Ingrid Bower is painted up as the ethereal Face of Kronos

This drastically changed the requirements for Sloman's serial; consequently, Sloman collaborated with Letts in developing a new storyline, *The Time Monster*, which was delivered on Tuesday 3 August. Letts wished Sloman's new story to reprise *The Daemons'* blend of science fiction and mythology; in addition, a serial with a historical setting had been suggested to him by the Doctor Who Fan Club. Letts also wanted the story to involve both UNIT and the Doctor's arch-enemy, the Master.

The idea of 'time slippages' central to the story came to Sloman when he was walking his dog one day and heard a low-flying aeroplane which, to him, sounded exactly like the V1 rockets he remembered from his time in the RAF during the second world war. He extrapolated from this the notion of a contemporaneous aircraft pilot suddenly finding himself 'buzzed' by first world war German bi-planes.

On Tuesday 28 December, Dicks confirmed that the storyline commissioned as *Daleks in London* had been accepted and was now known as *The Time Monster*. The same day he commissioned the scripts with a target delivery date of Tuesday 1 February 1972.

As with *The Daemons*, Letts worked closely with Sloman on the scripts, refining the dialogue. In particular, Letts wanted to write a long speech for the Doctor which showed not only the Doctor's personal motivations, but also demonstrated that

BBC [3] Godbold [1]

he was a flawed hero. This eventually reached the screen as the Episode Six scene in which the Doctor tells Jo a childhood anecdote about the inspiration he received from a hermit ("Yes, that was the daisiest daisy I'd ever seen . . .").

Although Sloman delivered Episode One on Wednesday 26 January, his remaining episodes overshot the target date. Episode Two was delivered on Wednesday 2 February, Episode Three on Sunday 6, Episode Four on Tuesday 8, Episode Five on Saturday 12 and the final instalment on Monday 14.

As scripted, the opening of Episode One – the Doctor's nightmare – had "Doctor Who . . . looming out of the smoke and seeing a strangely shaped crystal. He goes to pick it up but an enormous hand fore-stalls him. He looks up and sees the Master, taking the crystal and laughing." Later, in his UNIT lab, the Doctor is working on "Who-ish equipment". Considering his repairs to the TARDIS, the Doctor asks Jo: "Do you suppose it's the Time Vector Co-ordinator that could be causing the trouble?" Continuing a theme from *The Daemons*, the Master's alias was given as 'Thascalos' (or 'Thascales'), the Greek word for 'master'.

The small Crystal of Kronos was described as "four or five inches across . . . basically a rhomboid, with two smaller rhomboids sticking out at each side, to form a trident of sorts." Dr Ruth Ingram was "an attractive forthright scientist in her forties" while Stuart Hyde was "a young post-graduate working for his Ph.D". It was noted that a prominent feature of the Wootton laboratory was "a large container of smooth metal, nearly as large as a police telephone box. Though this is in fact the Master's TARDIS, there is apparently no way into it." Percival was called just "Director".

At the start of Episode Two, when his protective helmet is removed, Stuart looks "at least ninety years old". Atlantis' Temple of Poseidon was described in Episode Two's script: "The style of all the Atlantean buildings and costumes is Minoan rather than Greek". Also introduced at this point was "the tall and sinister figure of High Priest, Krasis". In Episode Three's script, the Master studies the pendant held by Krasis; the seal was described as being as "based on the concentric rings, which form the map of Plato's metropolis". Kronos was "a winged form of burning fire, with glowing eyes of scarlet"; when it attacks the Director, he is "absorbed into the fire of Kronos' body". After devouring the Doctor, Kronos "opens his fiery beak and emits a blood curdling roar". Kronos is ultimately revealed as a female face "against which Doctor Who and Jo are only half an inch high".

Following the attack on the UNIT convoy, the Doctor, Jo and Brigadier arrive on the scene at the start of Episode Four; the conversation with the farmworker was to be conducted by the Doctor. When forced to speak backwards by the Master in Episode Four, the Doctor's dialogue was written out phonetically ("IIIursh ooee tsum ees uth serjnade eeoo ksirr" for "Surely you must see the dangers you risk", for example).

Galleia was depicted as "beautiful and sexy, her tumbled night hair makes her seem even more sophisticated, her concern for her husband seems at first quite genuine, but later her irritation at him shows quite clearly"; Hippias, meanwhile, was "a handsome young man with fire in his eyes and in his guts". In Atlantis, the Lady 'Jojogrant' is given a handmaiden's outfit: "Jo is now dressed as an Atlantean lady, that is, in Cretan-Minoan style (though not so frontally liberated!)". In Episode Six, Jo is originally manacled to the wall of the Master's TARDIS, but manages to activate the time-ram with her toe.

In Episode One, there is a reference to the Doctor working on the TARDIS' dematerialisation circuit; dialogue in Episode Five accounts for the fact that the Doctor is piloting the TARDIS despite the Time Lords' restrictions. A continuity slip in Episode Two originally had the Master addressing Benton as "Mike" while impersonating the Brigadier. As indicated in Episodes One and Three, Bessie's 'superdrive' accelerates the car to 200mph. In Episode Four, the Doctor claims that TARDISes are telepathic and capable of 'thinking'. In Episode Six Jo makes reference to her UNIT escapology course, as mentioned in *Terror of the Autons*.

The director contracted was freelancer Paul Bernard, who had overseen *Day of the Daleks* during September and October 1971. Bernard considered the ambitious scripts to be like that of a feature film; the appearance of Kronos was deemed to be a particular problem. Bernard's key production personnel included set designer Tim Gleeson (who had worked on *Colony in Space*), Barbara Lane (who had been the costume designer on *The Claws of Axos*, *The Daemons* and *The Monster of Peladon*), Joan Barrett (make-up designer on preceding serial *The Mutants*) and Michaeljohn Harris (a visual effects designer who had worked on several serials from *The Evil of the Daleks* on).

UNIT regulars Nicholas Courtney, John Levene and Richard Franklin had last appeared in *Day of the Daleks*. Courtney was booked as the Brigadier on Monday 13 March; Levene – who had recorded episodes of *The Regiment* and *The Adventurer* in the meantime – was contracted to play Sergeant Benton on Wednesday 22, and Franklin was booked as Captain Yates on Friday 31.

TOMTIT is activated . . .

An experimental effects session was conducted in Studio 4A at Television Centre on Monday 27 March, one of the final studio days on *The Mutants*. In the morning, Christopher Barry, *The Mutants*' director, tested CSO effects for his serial; in the afternoon, Bernard's team took over. Recording began at 2.00pm, and the effects tested included the small crystal of Kronos, a light box effect and the Minotaur head. A range of lighting effects devised by Gleeson alongside Pat Chapman and Fiona Ross external of effects firm Entec came next. Lane's Kronos costume (a "suit of lights") was worn by HAVOC stuntman Marc Boyle; this was to be Boyle's first credited role, having appeared in several serials since *The Ambassadors of Death*. The final test was of the character Stuart Hyde's 'aged' make-up; actor Ian Collier was required to don layers of basic latex make-up and a white wig. Eventually, freelance make-up artist Alan Boyle was called in to devise an appliance from tissue and honey.

Shooting on 16mm film began on Wednesday 29 March on Stage 2 of the BBC's Ealing Television Film Studios. Work started at 9.30am with shots of baby Nicholas Mutton as the young Benton for Episodes Four and Six. The next few scenes filmed were set in Atlantis: Dalios and Hippias talking in the Temple and passageway in Episode Three and the Episode Two scenes in which Krasis, Hippias and the young neophyte watch the crystal glow. Krasis was played by elderly actor Donald Eccles, who

SCRIPTING THE GREEK MYTHS

Cronos (also Cronus or Kronos, known to the Romans as Saturn) was a gigantic Titan of massive strength, the son of Uranus and Mother Earth and father of Poseidon, Pluto, Zeus, Hera, Hesita and Demeter. Originally the ruler of the underworld, Cronos led a rebellion, overthrew Uranus and became king of the gods. However, he was told that he would be deposed by his children, so he swallowed them all (as referred to in Episode Two). Zeus had been hidden from him, and was able to make Cronos spew out his siblings; Zeus then successfully deposed Cronos. Writer Robert Sloman used the spelling 'Kronos' and devised the Chronovores, a name derived from Latin roots meaning 'time' and 'eating'.

Poseidon (Neptune to the Romans) fought with Zeus against the Titans and was given the ocean as his kingdom; he was armed with a three-pronged fork and could control the waves and cause earthquakes. Mount Olympus, the home of the gods, was a very high peak in northern Greece which, according to legend, evolves into an imaginary place high above the Earth where the gods lived as a family, with Zeus and Hera ruling as king and queen. In Episode Five, Dalios asks the Master for news of the gods from Olympus.

Atlantis was a large mythical island nation which, according to the Athenian philosopher Plato, existed in the Atlantic near the Straits of Gibraltar and was swallowed by the sea 9,000 years before Plato's time (ie, the third century BC); however, in Episode Six, the Doctor refers to the events in Atlantis taking place "3,500 years ago". In Episode One, it is indicated that volcanic eruptions in the Thera group around Santorini occur where Plato's Atlantis was believed to be situated.

later featured in *I, Claudius* and *Quatermass*; Dalios was played by George Cormack, who had been recommended to Bernard by Letts. Lane's Atlantean costumes were based on Cretan cave paintings.

These Atlantis scenes continued into the afternoon, following which several close-ups of birds flapping their wings were filmed for the Kronos sequences in Episodes Three, Four and Six. Animals Unlimited provided a seagull, a dove, a cockatoo, a chicken and an owl for use in an intended CSO insert; ultimately, only the shot of the dove would be used. The day's last scene – set in a 'limbo' version of the temple – was 'the Doctor's nightmare' sequence, which required both Doctor Jon Pertwee and Master Roger Delgado; Pertwee had finished recording *The Mutants* the previous day, while Delgado's last appearance had been *The Sea Devils* in December. A model of the temple set was created for the shot where a gigantic Master looms over the Doctor.

> "Jon Pertwee had to spout something about the theory of interstitial time, and he hadn't bothered to think about what it could possibly mean" **Ian Collier**

Shooting continued at 9.30am the next day with a number of effects shots of Kronos against a yellow background intended for Episode Six; this trial-and-error work was later abandoned. The day's main filming was for the 'labyrinth' sequences bridging Episodes Five and Six. Katy Manning donned Atlantean wig and costume to join Pertwee in these; also present were regular fight arranger Terry Walsh, Aidan Murphy as Hippias, stuntman Val Musetti as Hippias' double and Dave Prowse as the Minotaur. Prowse, hired for his bodybuilder's physique, had previously appeared as the Monster in Hammer Films' *The Horror of Frankenstein* and in series such as *The Champions*; he later found fame both as *Star Wars*' Darth Vader and as the 'Green Cross Code Man'. The problematical labyrinth scenes continued into the afternoon; Prowse was expected to perform action sequences in the Minotaur head which, not being a stuntman, he refused to do. In the event, Walsh donned the Minotaur costume to perform the creature's fight with Hippias and subsequent crash through a dummy wall. The 'mirror' against which Hippias is flung was a flimsy sheet of foil; a 'shattering glass' sound effect was later dubbed over. Due to the difficulties with these sequences, two Episode Six scenes left unfilmed were rescheduled for studio; the first showed the Doctor and Jo gazing upon the Crystal Chamber before being recaptured, and the second was a shot of masonry falling around the Doctor in the temple.

Shooting recommenced on Tuesday 4 April at Swallowfield Park at Swallowfield in Berkshire, which doubled for the Newton Institute at Wootton (a fictitious town supposedly near Cambridge). Various exteriors in the courtyard and to the rear of the laboratory were filmed for Episodes One and Two, and several 'time-distortion' shots concentrated on the clocktower. Here, Courtney and Levene joined the cast, as did veteran pre-war TV actor John Wyse, playing Dr Percival. In the small role of Proctor was former extra Barry Ashton, whose only previous credited role was as a scientist in *The Moonbase*. Walsh appeared as the window cleaner and performed a stunt fall from a ladder. Sections of this would be shown in slow-motion; film speed would be tampered with in various other shots including Bessie's rapid arrival at the end of Episode One and the Doctor's slow-motion run in Episode Two. When contacting UNIT HQ, the Brigadier used a TM45 radio from *The Invasion*.

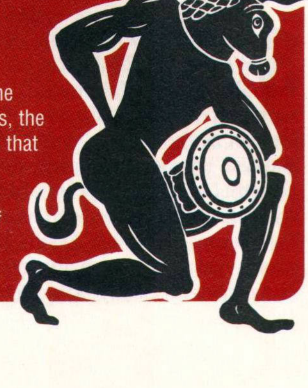
The crew remained at Swallowfield Park for a sunny but windy day on Wednesday 5. Work began at 9.00am with the Episode Three scene in which the 'aged' Stuart is wheeled an ambulance. This required Collier's make-up to be removed in stages; the eventual 'time lapse' sequence showed Stuart reverting to normal. Filming continued with scenes for Episodes Three, Four and Six, including the Doctor rescuing Ruth and the Brigadier from the time field (again in slow motion, with the cast running on the spot), plus Bessie's departure and the UNIT convoy's arrival (whereupon the Brigadier's group become 'frozen in time'). Also filmed were Episode Two shots of Benton crossing the courtyard initially scheduled for the previous day.

Filming on Thursday 6 began at the private estate of Stratfield Saye Park at Stratfield Saye in Hampshire. This was for the set piece attacks on the UNIT convoy by both a knight on horseback and a Roundhead platoon, plus long-shots of the convoy in transit in Episode Three. The knight's attack was filmed first, but resulted in stuntman Greg Powell being injured when his horse hit one of the vehicles [see panel]. Shooting continued with the Roundheads' attack; the Roundhead officer was played by Dave Carter, an extra since 1966 who had had several minor roles from *Doctor Who and the Silurians* on.

The wooded area of Mortimer Lane was used for an early Episode Four scene showing the convoy in the doodlebug's crater and the TARDIS' departure. The Doctor's 'time sensor' was a hand-held prop with a flashing light and rotating antennae. The farmworker was played by George Lee, who had appeared as Corporal Forbes in

SCRIPTING THE MINOTAUR

In classical mythology, the Minotaur – a half-man, half-bull figure – was conceived by Pasiphae after she entered a wooden bull crafted by Daedalus so that a Cretan bull could mate with her; this was a passion contrived by Poseidon. The creature fed on human flesh and was imprisoned by Daedalus in a labyrinth on the island of Crete. Only the basic concept of the Minotaur was used for the Guardian of the Crystal in Robert Sloman's *Time Monster* scripts; in Episode Three, Dalios explains to Hippias that the Guardian is half-man and half-beast, and in Episode Five it is the Doctor who identifies the Guardian as the Minotaur after Dalios relates the tale of how Kronos bestowed the strength of the bull on an Atlantean councillor and athlete. In the script for Episode Five, on hearing of the Minotaur from Dalios, the Doctor says, "There is a story – a legend of the days of King Minos of Crete . . ." Dalios is delighted: "My cousin, Minos! What do you know of him?" According to the stage directions, the Doctor realises that "it's too long a story to tell so near the end of an episode" and moves on.



BBC [3] Godbold [1]

ACCIDENT THE KNIGHT ATTACKS

Prior to filming, there had been much debate concerning the Episode Three sequence in which a knight attacks the UNIT convoy. The stuntman chosen by director Paul Bernard to play the knight was Greg Powell, the son of stuntman Nosher Powell, who would supply the horse, and the nephew of stunt arranger Dinny Powell. At a meeting between Bernard and the Powells, Dinny insisted that the BBC provide suitable drivers for the vehicles, suggesting one Marc Boyle (which resulted in Bernard contracting Boyle to play Kronos). However, Bernard said he could not afford to hire three stunt drivers, offering to hire Boyle as the driver of the lead vehicle with two drivers from Kingsbury Motors – the hire company providing the UNIT vehicles – following him. Dinny and Nosher agreed, stressing the need to find a flat road with grass verges, as was found at the Stratfield estate chosen for filming.

The first shot planned for the day's filming on Thursday 6 April 1972 – showing the knight approaching – went well. Then the vehicles arrived. Greg Powell and Boyle fixed the speed of the vehicles at 15mph; a rehearsal was conducted using only the leading Land Rover backed up from its 'dead' position so that Bernard could rehearse his hand signals to indicate when the vehicle should brake. Satisfied, Greg decided to perform the stunt with all three vehicles, without a rehearsal. The two Kingsbury Motors drivers were given strict instructions as to the distances they were to maintain between one another.

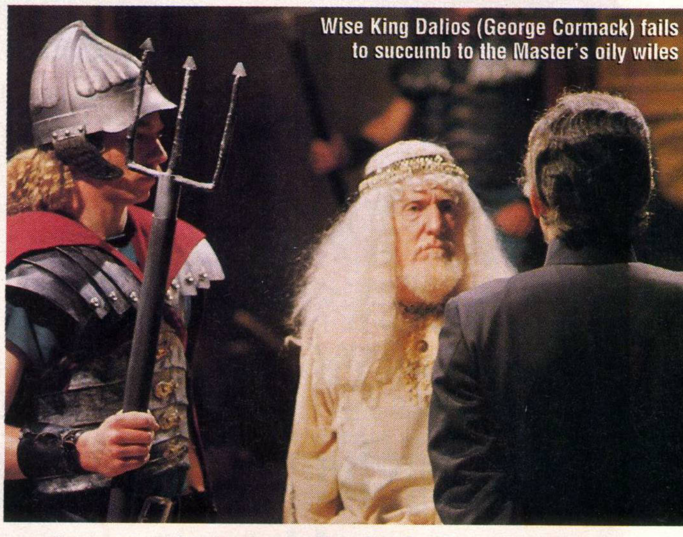
At 10.45am, Greg performed the stunt. According to Bernard, when the Land Rover braked, the horse went slightly off-course. Greg pulled the horse back to avoid the second vehicle – a Bedford RL Troop Lorry – but was unable to correct the animal. The driver of the third vehicle – an Austin K9 Lorry – saw what was happening and pulled off the road, but now the horse was charging towards it. The horse struck the front left wheelguard. Greg was thrown off, and bruised his left shoulder and right arm. Official accounts now vary. One source indicates that production assistant Marion McDougall was the first to reach Greg, who was rubbing his shoulder and concerned about the horse, which had run off down the road; the horse had a cut to the knee of its front right leg. Lorry driver Richard Pickford was unhurt, and another shot in the sequence filmed. However, another account has it that Greg was knocked unconscious and taken to Basingstoke and District Hospital for an X-ray; following this, he was unable to work due to severe headaches and an injured right shoulder. The horse had suffered internal injuries.

A furore began on Monday 17 when Carl Snitcher of actors' union Equity contacted the BBC regarding the Powells' loss of income following the accident. It was suggested the BBC was negligent in not providing three stunt drivers, and that the third driver had not followed instructions. On Monday 3 July, Marion McDougall submitted her statement about the event. Bernard also wrote a statement explaining that he believed Greg to have been inexperienced and that he had misjudged the horse's pace; if there was any other blame to apportion, it was possible that Boyle may have been a fraction late braking the Land Rover.

Spearhead from Space; Lee had been contracted on Tuesday 28 March after a contract for Kenneth Watson (Bill Duggan in *The Wheel in Space*) had been cancelled on Friday 24. On Heckfield Heath, the last filming of the day comprised shots of the convoy as seen on the Master's wrist monitor in Episode Three.

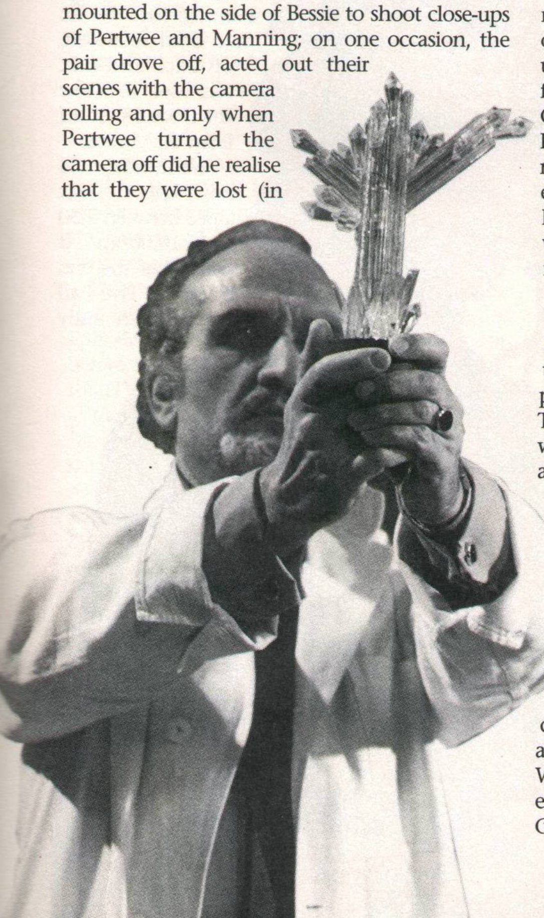
Friday 7 April, the final day of live-action filming, was largely devoted to the Episode One scenes of the Doctor and Jo in Bessie and the Episode Three scenes in which the Doctor, Jo and Brigadier watch the attack on the convoy. These scenes were filmed at Old Church Farm at Hartley Witney in Hampshire and on roads in the Stratfield Saye vicinity. For these, a film camera was mounted on the side of Bessie to shoot close-ups of Pertwee and Manning; on one occasion, the pair drove off, acted out their scenes with the camera rolling and only when Pertwee turned the camera off did he realise that they were lost (in the meantime, Bernard was preparing search parties to find his two stars). A small amount of model filming was also performed, including models of the Doctor's and Master's TARDISes spinning on wires for Episode Five.

A read-through of the serial took place on Wednesday 12; rehearsals for the first two episodes commenced the next day. Episode One was videotaped in TC3 on Tuesday 25 between 8.00 and 10.00pm; recording was largely in story order. The opening sequence used six feet of 16mm stock footage of volcanoes from Contemporary Films. The Doctor was seen in another new UNIT laboratory set. Bernard's input extended to the design of the Master's TARDIS. For the TOMTIT demonstration, mix-feed CSO was used to show a vase's outline vanishing and reforming.


Wise King Dalios (George Cormack) fails to succumb to the Master's oily wiles

Episode Two was recorded on Wednesday 26 between 7.30 and 10.00pm. Collier appeared in Stuart's 'aged' make-up. For the scene in which the Master impersonates the Brigadier, Courtney pre-recorded dialogue which Delgado mimed to. The glowing light on the small crystal of Kronos was emphasised by the use of a camera filter, and a lighting effect was superimposed over Krasis' arrival. This would be the last time that the so-called 'UNIT family' comprising Pertwee, Manning, Courtney, Delgado, Franklin and Levene were in studio together.

Rehearsals for the next two episodes began the next day; Manning was absent in the afternoon to record an appearance in antiques quiz *Going for a Song* (broadcast Sunday 7 May). On Thursday 4 May, it was decided to shift the recording of the insert scene at the end of Episode Six from Tuesday 9 to Wednesday 10; this was pre-recorded to save erecting the laboratory set and hiring actors Courtney, Levene, Collier and Wanda Moore for the final recording block. The under-running Episode Three was rewritten to add a padding sequence concerning the Doctor's 'Time Flow Analogue'. During rehearsals, the cast indulged themselves in a paper plane-making competition.



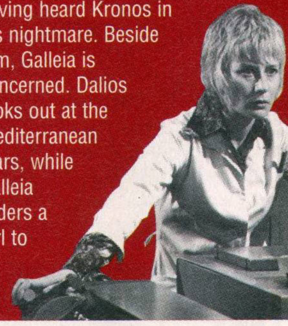
Only two sets were required for Episode Three's recording on Tuesday 9 May: the laboratory and Stuart's room. Taping took place between 8.00 and 10.00pm in TC4. During this session, the effect detailing Kronos' appearance was recorded for insertion into other scenes. This began with a shot of the glowing crystal over which the defocused film shot of the dove was shown; from the middle of this emerged a CSO shot of Kronos. Kronos' appearances were minimised with oblique camera angles and a vaseline-coated glass lens which helped disguise the thought-unconvincing reflective costume, and Boyle was suspended from a Kirby wire to make Kronos appear to fly. The Doctor's Time Flow Analogue prop incorporated a glowing light to indicate its operation; the use of a flash charge signalled its demise. CSO was used to insert film material onto a small yellow screen worn on the Master's wrist as per *Colony in Space*; film used included nine feet of monochrome 16mm footage of a V1 rocket from Visnews. Despite the earlier memo, both

EDITING

Episodes One and Two of *The Time Monster* over-ran their allotted slots. Episode One lost the start of the scene in which Ruth and Stuart realise that their test has worked; an excited Stuart gingerly brings the vase back into the main lab and Ruth calmly says that they must check it for molecular changes, reminding him that they are "scientists, not school-children" – but then smiles, and they start to dance about. Episode Two lost a brief film sequence showing the Master crossing the courtyard to the Director's office. The end of the scene in which Percival finds the Master in his study was removed; the Master tells the Director to comply with the Brigadier and evacuate the Institute. Percival is also concerned about "the boy Hyde", and the Master realises he will get no peace until Percival has talked to him ("Be quick about it!"). A short corridor scene showing the aged Stu being wheeled along was cut from the end of the episode: Ruth tells him not to get down about what has happened to him, to which Stuart replies "In a couple of days I'll be dancing a fandango down the Geriatric Ward."

During editing, amendments were made to various of the episode reprises; Episode Three's reprise lost the insert of Krasis vanishing while Episode Four's was heavily condensed. Episode Five over-ran quite badly. The model film showing the spinning TARDISes was intended to lead into Dalios' awakening in bed, having heard Kronos in his nightmare. Beside him, Galleia is concerned. Dalios looks out at the Mediterranean stars, while Galleia orders a girl to serve Dalios wine. Dalios explains that, as in his youth, he is scared of the voice; what is a memory to him is history to Galleia. Galleia says that she arrived in her father's ships five years before, and not a week has passed without Dalios waking like this. Dalios fears Atlantis' destruction; Galleia calms him and gets him back to bed, but then sneaks away to keep a romantic tryst with Hippias.

Episode Six was cut to remove the end of the scene in which Galleia realises that the Master will not obey her; after the Queen has left, the Master has Dalios brought in and asks for 'the secret'. Dalios says that nobody can control Kronos. The Master has Dalios taken away as the King says: "Kronos will destroy us all . . ."



camera script and post-production documents show that the final scene of Episode Six was recorded at the end of the evening; Manning donned her Atlantean costume whereas Levene wore only a nappy. This meant that Courtney was no longer required; his next work was on a *Doomwatch* episode, *Cause of Death*, recorded Friday 2 June.

Episode Four was recorded between 7.30 and 10.00pm on Wednesday 10. The film of baby Nicholas Mutton had been abandoned and another baby, Darren Plant, recorded inserts as baby Benton. Gleeson had designed a new TARDIS set to replace the one seen in *The Curse of Peladon*; the new set used contoured roundels which Letts disliked, feeling they resembled washing-up bowls. Minor modifications were made to the console to allow the Time Sensor prop to be placed into the cavity which had housed the dematerialisation circuit in *The Claws of Axos*; a stalk microphone was added to the console for the dialogue scenes (this changed in the subsequent recording block) and the "Extreme Emergency" switch was installed as required in Episode Five. Ad-libbed dialogue between the Doctor and Jo emphasised the TARDIS' new look; the set was dressed with a wooden cupboard and the eagle lectern from *The Claws of Axos*. A split-screen roll-back-and-mix effect was used to make the Master's TARDIS appear inside the Doctor's; the TARDIS scanner was now a yellow roundel over which CSO images, including the swirling red vista of the time vortex, could be laid. A video effect using a colour synthesiser was used during Benton's collapse upon TOMTIT's operation. At the end of the evening, the TARDIS set was re-dressed as the Master's vessel; this had a different central column in the console, a doorway to the right of camera and other furniture. The set was redressed as the Doctor's TARDIS and Manning changed into Minoan garb to record some Episode Six scenes.

> **"My costume must have revealed one of the biggest expanses of bosom ever seen on Doctor Who!"**
>
> **Ingrid Pitt**

Rehearsals restarted on Thursday 11 May, when the cast were joined by the serial's main guest star, Ingrid Pitt. Bernard knew Pitt from his film work and thought that she had the regal stature required for Queen Galleia. The actress was also suggested by Pertwee, who had worked with her on segments of 1970 *portmanteau* horror movie *The House That Dripped Blood*. Polish-born Pitt, part of the Berlin Ensemble before fleeing across the Communist border to the West, had worked with the Spanish National Theatre, but was latterly best known for starring roles in Hammer's *The Vampire Lovers* and *Countess Dracula*. Appearing as Miseus was Michael Walker, who had been a radar technician in *The Claws of Axos* and also played Seth Burgess in *The Onedin Line*. On Thursday 18, Bernard cancelled Ann Michelle's contract; cast as Lakis, the actress had been unpunctual during rehearsals. At very short notice, she was replaced by Susan Penhaligon, who was contracted on Tuesday 23. Previously in *Upstairs, Downstairs*, Penhaligon's later television career would include *Bouquet of Barbed Wire*, *Count Dracula* and *A Fine Romance*.

By now, Episode Four's ending had been rewritten and was to be re-recorded at the start of Episode Five. It had originally concluded with the Doctor engulfed by Kronos, Jo fainting and a final shot of Kronos on the rampage in the Master's TARDIS. With the episode under-running, this material was extended to have the Master flinging the Doctor's TARDIS out into the time vortex. Cuts were also made to the opening of the over-long Episode Five; some four scenes were removed, including the expulsion of the TARDIS (shifted back into Episode Four) and a scene in which Dalios condemns Galleia for her infidelity. In dialogue deleted following the TARDIS' arrival in Atlantis in Episode Five, Jo remarks that she cannot speak ancient Greek; the Doctor would then have activated a device beneath the console which would have handled translation.

Episode Five was recorded in TC3 between 8.00 and 10.00pm on Tuesday 23, starting with the new version of Episode Four's climax. As the Master hurled the TARDIS into the time vortex, the CSO image of Jo on the 'scanner' was distorted. Ceremonial horns heard in the Temple of Poseidon scenes came from stock recordings; an establishing shot of the Temple used a glass painting to expand the background. Galleia's black Abyssinian cat was booked through Animal Kingdom.

All of the scenes in the Doctor's TARDIS were recorded later in the evening, after the set had been redressed; roll-back-and-mix was used to show the Doctor's return from the vortex.

Wednesday 24 saw Episode Six taped between 7.30 and 10.00pm. It seems that the end of Episode Five had not been fully

BBC [3]

Jo grasps the 'TARDIS sniffer-outer' as the TARDIS journeys to Atlantis

completed the previous evening, and about five minutes of material was recorded before Episode Six. Blue lighting simulated lightning and falling debris was used to give the impression of Kronos' destruction of Poseidon's Temple. The end of the episode was recorded out-of-sequence; scenes in the Master's TARDIS were recorded first, then the 'void' scenes (here, the two TARDISes were placed on a yellow set, allowing CSO backgrounds of either a coloured haze or the Face of Kronos, as played by Ingrid Bower, to be inserted), and finally the Doctor's TARDIS scenes. Although this concluded work on Season Nine, shooting began the following week on Season Ten's *Peepshow* (latterly *Carnival of Monsters*).

Incidental music for *The Time Monster* was provided by Dudley Simpson. Using a mixture of electronic music and percussion, Simpson recorded around 40 minutes' material, including a reuse of his Master theme from *Terror of the Autons* for the 'hypnosis' sequences in Episodes One and Five and some Spanish-style music for Episode's Six's Minotaur 'bullfight'.

Radio Times programme listings were accompanied by reprints of two pieces of Frank Bellamy artwork and four new pieces in Bellamy's style: the Crystal of Kronos, a Roundhead, the TARDIS dematerialising and Kronos.

Due to coverage of *International Match of the Day* later that evening, BBC Cymru transmitted Episode One at 5.05pm on 20 May, 45 minutes before the rest of the network. Competition on the ITV regions included Anglia's quiz show *Sale of the Century* (LWT) and sitcom *The Train Now Standing* (ATV, Southern, Granada and Yorkshire). *The Time Monster* Episode Six closed the season on 24 June; the following week, BBC1 scheduled 1965 Aaru movie *Dr. Who and the Daleks* in its *High Adventure* slot. An audience research report on Episode Six dated Monday 21 August showed a generally unfavourable response from 88 viewers who felt that the series was tired; they were bored with the Master and the episode was dismissed as "absolute rubbish".

From 1972, the serial was offered for overseas sale by BBC Enterprises on both colour videotape or monochrome 16mm film. Time Life distributed the serial in the USA late in 1972. ABC in Australia received the serial in September 1972 and broadcast it uncut with a 'G' rating. Hong Kong purchased the serial circa 1973. Canada's TV Ontario transmitted it in 1977 with a repeat in 1980. Other overseas sales included Singapore and Gibraltar in 1977.

Around 1976, the 625-line colour videotapes of *The Time Monster* were disposed of by the BBC, being considered of no further use; BBC Enterprises retained 16mm monochrome copies of the serial. In the early eighties, TV Ontario returned colour 525-line copies to the BBC; these enabled the story to be marketed once more to North America (where it also airs as a TV Movie of two hours 17 minutes) and to New Zealand, where it debuted in January 1986.

Episode Six was shown at the National Film Theatre on Saturday 29 October 1983; the 16mm monochrome film print was also shown at regional NFT cinemas over the next three years. Terrance Dicks novelised Sloman's scripts as *Doctor Who – The Time Monster*, which was published in hardback by WH Allen in August 1985 and in Target paperback in February 1986. In March 1989, it was packaged with *The Daemons* as one of Star's *Doctor Who Classics*.

In 1985, a monochrome low-band 625-line videotape of Episode Six turned up in the BBC's Engineering department; this was 'recolourised' in 1987 using the colour signal from the 525-line tape. UK Gold aired the serial in episodic and compilation forms over June and July 1993 and in June 1995; the compilation was repeated in February 1997. The BBC and the National Film and Television Archive both hold PAL copies of the NTSC tapes, with a D3 copy of the recolourised Episode Six. **DWM**

SERIAL 000 **THE TIME MONSTER**

CAST **Jon Pertwee** *Dr Who* with **Roger Delgado** *Master*, **Katy Manning** *Jo Grant*, **Wanda Moore** *Dr Ruth Ingram* [1-4,6], **Ian Collier** *Stuart Hyde* [1-4,6], **Richard Franklin** *Captain Mike Yates* [1-4], **Nicholas Courtney** *Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart* [1-4,6], **John Levene** *Sergeant Benton* [1-4,6], **John Wyse** *Dr Percival* [1-3], **Terry Walsh** *Window Cleaner* [1], **Neville Barber** *Dr Cook* [1-2], **Barry Ashton** *Proctor* [1-2], **Donald Eccles** *Krasis* [2-6], **Keith Dalton** *Neophite* [2], **Aidan Murphy** *Hippias* [2-3,5-6], **Marc Boyle** *Kronos* [3-4,6], **George Cormack** *Dalios* [3,5-6], **Gregory Powell** *Knight* [3], **Simon Legree** *Unit Sergeant* [3-4], **Dave Carter** *Roundhead Officer* [3], **George Lee** *Farmworker* [4], **Derek Murcott** *Crito* [5-6], **Ingrid Pitt** *Galleia* [5-6], **Michael Walker** *Miseus* [5-6], **Susan Penhaligon** *Lakis* [5-6], **Melville Jones** *Guard* [5-6], **Dave Prowse** *Minotaur* [5-6], **Ingrid Bower** *Face of Kronos* [6].

EXTRAS **Bara Chambers** *Director's Secretary**; **Allan Wells**, **Reg Matthews** *Scientists**; **Constance Williams** *Lady Driver*; **Sylvia De La Mare** *Ambulance Lady*; **B Cox** *Ambulance Driver*; **Eric Kent**, **Anthony Hennessey**, **Richard Kirk**, **Paul Barton**, **Geoffrey Brighty**, **Nigel Winder** *Roundheads*; **Jack Parker** *Troop Lorry Driver*; **R Rickford** *Lorry Driver*; **Michael Deacon** *Jeep Driver*; **Nick Hobbs**, **Reg Turner**, **Les Conrad**, **Jim Dowdall**, **Kevin Moran**, **Bernard Barnsley** *UNIT Troops*; **Bob Blain**, **Stuart Barry**, **Mike Stevens**, **Derek Allen**, **James Muir**, **Ian Elliott**, **Brian Gilmar** *Stuntmen/UNIT Troops*; **Darren Plant** *Baby* [*Benton*]; **Virginia Mull** *Serving Girl*; **Nick Hobbs**, **Richard Eden**, **Christopher Holmes**, **Laurie Goode**, **Geoffrey Morgan**, **Jonas Kerr** Guards; **Marc Landers**, **Andrew Dempsey**, **Jamie Griffin**, **Jeremy Higgins** *Trumpeters/Guards*; **George Gregory**, **Francis Williams**, **Yanka Adebiyi**, **Peter Johnson** *Sedan Carriers*; **Bill Whitehead**, **Reg Lloyd**, **Wilfred Boyle**, **Edmund Bailey**, **Colin Cunningham**, **Peter Penny** *Councillors*; **Yvonne Ashley**, **Alison Daimler**, **Susan Patrice** *Serving Girls*; **Terry Walsh** *Stunt Double for Minotaur*; **Val Musetti** *Stunt Double for Hippias*; **Michael Costley** *Guard**.

*Not in finished programme

CREDITS *Written by* **Robert Sloman**. *Title Music by* **Ron Grainer and BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Music by* **Dudley Simpson**. *Special Sound* **Brian Hodgson**. *Costumes* **Barbara Lane***. *Makeup* **Joan Barrett***. *Visual Effects Designer* **Michaeljohn Harris** [**Peter Pegrum** supervised 5 alone and 6 with Harris, uncredited]. *Film Cameraman* **Peter Hamilton** [1-4,6]. *Film Sound* **Derek Medus** [1-4,6]. *Film Editor* **Martyn Day** [1-4,6]. *Studio Lighting* **Derek Hobday***. *Studio Sound* **Tony Millier***. *Script Editor* **Terrance Dicks**. *Designer* **Tim Gleeson**. *Producer* **Barry Letts**. *Directed by* **Paul Bernard**. *BBC © 1972*

*Credited on Episodes One and Six

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	*Transmitted*	*Time*	*Drn.*	*Rating (pos.)*	*A.App*
Episode One*	20 May 1972	5.50-6.15pm	25'04"	7.6M (37th)	-
Episode Two	27 May 1972	5.50-6.15pm	25'05"	7.4M (60th)	-
Episode Three	3 June 1972	5.50-6.15pm	23'59"	8.1M (36th)	-
Episode Four	10 June 1972	5.50-6.15pm	23'55"	7.6M (28th)	-
Episode Five	17 June 1972	5.45-6.10pm	24'29"	6.0M (67th)	-
Episode Six	24 June 1972	5.45-6.10pm	24'55"	7.6M (39th)	-

*BBC Cymru broadcast 5.05-5.30pm

Out of the Tardis Katy Manning

As Jo Grant, she travelled the Universe and toyed with the affections of a succession of young men before finally settling for a younger version of the Doctor. She's Katy Manning – and she's going to tease us with her answers to 20 questions from the TARDIS tin!

When have you been most scared?
I think it was probably during the first play I ever did, which was a two-hander in London with Derek Nimmo. I had never been on a stage in my life before, and suddenly there I was, on a stage in the biggest comedy part written for a woman to that date. Everybody else had been doing the play for months already on tour, so it was the most frightening experience of my life without a doubt. Frightening in an exciting way, though.

What is your greatest unfulfilled ambition?
I'm not really a very ambitious person, which may strike you as odd. Ambition involves planning, and I don't ever plan anything! I never know what I want to achieve until I get there.

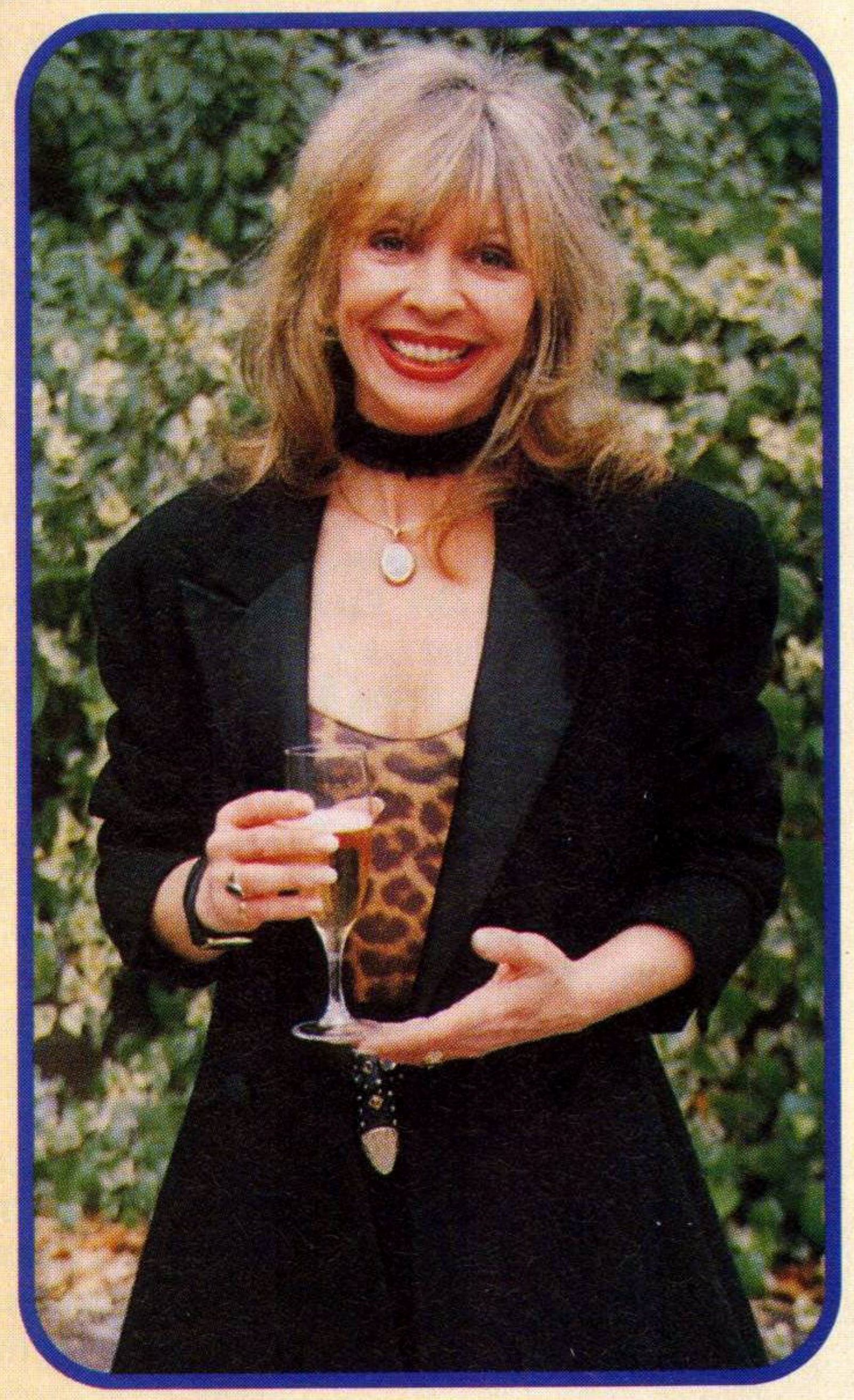
Who is your guru?
Well, for a long time, in terms of theatre, it was Jon Pertwee. After that it was my father. Now it's my dog, John Simon. He's a girl – it's a Hollywood thang, darling! He's very hairy, and I found him in the pound. I didn't know for ages he was a girl until one day I was tickling his tummy, and I thought, "Hang on, something's missing!" Anyway, he and I used to walk up into the hills where I usually do all my thinking and creating, and John Simon had a way of looking at me and making me think more carefully and deeply about issues that were going through my head.

Are you a good kisser?
You wanna find out? (laughs) I think I'm a very good kisser, but there again I've never kissed myself, so I shouldn't really say that! (thinks) Mind you with a mouth the size of mine – 'the five-inch grin', it was once called – I guess people have to be very careful kissing me!

What is the most money you've ever sent on a single luxury?
(quietly) Two pairs of shoes for three thousand dollars. And, yes, it was worth it!

Who is your best friend?
I don't have 'friend', I have 'friends'. I have my godson, Freddy; I have my children, Georgie and JJ; I have Liza [Minnelli], who I've known since I was eleven . . . I think I'm very lucky, I have the most wonderful collection of people around me – a lot of them for nigh on 40 years – so my best friends are really everyone who I love very much.

Would you appear nude on film, TV or stage?
Well, I have – on stage and TV, at least. Would I do it now? If it was absolutely right, like the previous occasions, then yes, but I don't think anyone would *want* me to now – 'Excuse me, but would you like a sick bag before you go into the theatre, sir?' It actually doesn't bother me at all because I'm not *me* when I'm doing it, I'm an actress. I wouldn't go on a stage as *me*! Are you mad?!



Were you well-behaved at school?
No, but I was teased because I wore the biggest, *biggest* glasses you can imagine. They were so heavy they had to be taped behind my ears every day – they kept sliding down my nose! I was the butt of the humour all the time. My nickname was 'Granny Manning' because of my glasses.

Have you ever cheated in an exam?
No, because I can't see! I did think about it once – I wrote loads of answers on tiny bits of paper for an exam and then realised there was absolutely no way at all I was ever going to be able to read them, so the outcome was a total disaster!

What new law would you pass?
Certainly, in this country, I would lift the quarantine laws, which are now *so* ludicrous – if a dog has a little implant in its neck to say it doesn't have rabies then it's appalling that the poor thing is put in kennels for six months – it totally destroys the dog emotionally. It's not even as if you can explain to the dog and say 'Don't worry, you're only doing six months!' Even a child would be easier to deal with in a situation like that.

When were you last sick after drinking too much?
About 14 years ago. I got *soooo* drunk I thought I was going to die. I don't drink as a rule anyway, but I was in Australia for New Year, and we were drinking champagne, and somebody then gave me a Scotch, which I certainly don't drink, and by the time I'd finished I had alcoholic poisoning. I was sick for an entire week! My body turned inside out – I threw up so much that I literally saw my outer skin go in, and my insides just appear on the sofa! I don't think I've ever, *ever* been as ill ever again.

Who should play you in a film of your life?
Margaret Rutherford (laughs). I just adored her, she made me laugh. And of course she looked *so* like me!

What would you save first if your house was on fire?
The chip pan! (laughs) I would save, obviously, any child that was in the house, and of course I'd save my dog, but I really don't think there's anything else. I mean, when you travel like I do and live out of a suitcase, you don't get very attached to stuff, only people. Mind you, can you imagine me trying to find the occupants of a smoke-filled house, with my eyesight? I'd be dragging out a sofa instead of the dog!

Have you ever stolen anything?
Yes. I fell madly in love with a bracelet belonging to a girl at school, and I took it from her drawer. Then I felt so guilty about it I took it straight back. At least I'm honest about it!

What is the most ferocious argument you've had and who was it with?
I can think of quite a few! One was with an airport official. I was taking the twins, aged two, to the other side of the world, and this nasty, bumptious, jumped-up, ticket collector person informed me, in French, that I was taking far too much onto the plane. This, as you can imagine, with this huge journey ahead and two very sick children in tow, caused a massive row, and I ended up smacking his revolting little bottom with my British passport.

Another one was with my father and my mother – you know, the usual! – and another, theatrical, one was with a producer, who I ended up communicating with by way of notes under my dressing room door, because I wasn't prepared to talk to him ever again. Put it this way – if someone really gets my back up, then I'm prepared to go the distance, but I've really got to be pushed.

Do you believe in reincarnation?
(long think) Interesting. My children's father is a Buddhist and religion is a subject that's always been very open in our house. My mother and my sister are deeply 'church' . . . (thinks) I don't know until I get there, darling, do I? I can't say yes and I can't say no – since when was I an expert? I never close the door to any possibility, but I don't want to go with the staunch belief that there is reincarnation and then find out that there isn't!

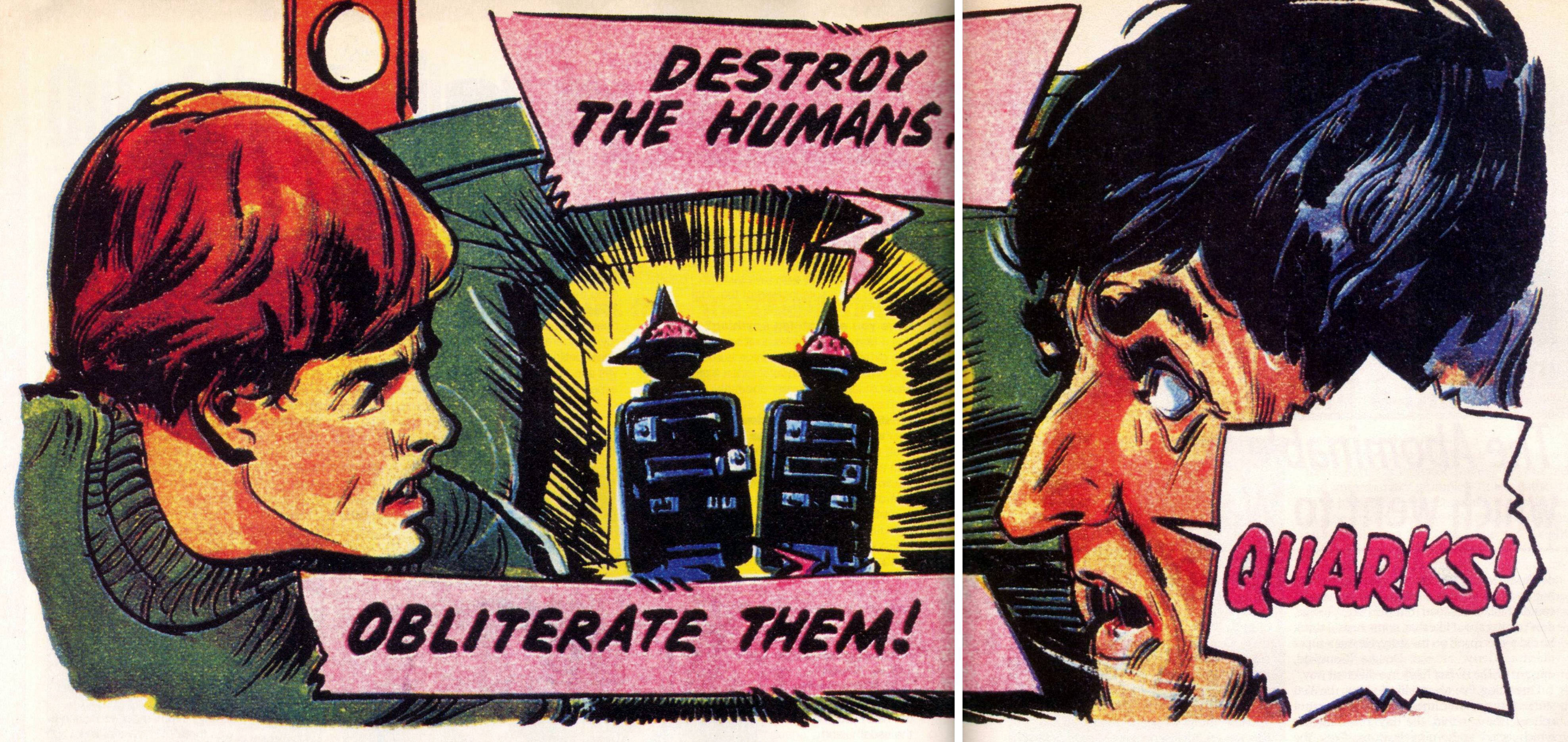
Who is the most fanciable person you ever worked with on *Doctor Who*?
Well, I have to confess that I fell in love with David Troughton, I'm afraid. Outside of the team that I worked with he was the only person to walk into the room and make my eyes come out on stalks. (sighs) I fall in love very easily.

Have you woken up not knowing where you were?
(laughs) All the time! When you live like I live and move around as much as I do, you have *no* chance. I lived in a hotel in Los Angeles for six months, and then a hotel in New York for six months, then I lived in a house, then another house, then back to Australia, then to London . . I mean, I don't even know which *country* I'm in half the time!

How many Number One singles from the past year can you name?
Ooh, well, off the top off my head, *Slap My Bitch Up* by the Prodigy. And *Firestarter* by the Prodigy (laughs) I love the Prodigy – they make me laugh so much!

What is the rudest thing a fan has said to you?
Probably, "I remember you when I was three"! I know that's not really rude, but it reaches a point when you're thinking, "Does anyone remember me *now*?"!

Interview **Paul Vyse** Photographs courtesy **Reeltime pictures [1] BBC [1] BBC Video [1]**


DESTROY THE HUMANS!
OBLITERATE THEM!
QUARKS!

Quark life!

He co-created the Yeti, the Brigadier, the Dominators – but did the bizarre *TV Comic* escapades of his very own giggling Quarks give him a sense of enormous well-being? Peter Griffiths meets writer Mervyn Haisman . . .

Together with his writing partner Henry Lincoln, Mervyn Haisman was responsible for three stories for Patrick Troughton's Doctor. That's a solid body of work by anyone's measure, but the pair's contribution to *Doctor Who* is more enduring than simply 17 episodes in the late sixties: they have to their credit the Yeti, one of the series' most popular monsters; the Brigadier, a character who has contributed as much to the series' legacy as the various Doctors; and *The Web of Fear*, a story which sits firmly in the public consciousness and is reckoned by *Doctor Who* fans to be one of the series' all-time best.

Settling down for a chat in the Victory Services club just off the Edgware Road, Mervyn was pleasantly surprised to hear the perennial popularity of *The Web of Fear*, as proven by its ranking at number ten in the recent **DWM** Awards. "Good God, is it really so well-liked? I watched a programme the other night, a short documentary looking back on *Doctor Who*, and they used a clip from the opening of *The Web of Fear*, right up to the TARDIS landing and the Doctor saying they'd need a flashlight. If only the BBC hadn't wiped the two Yeti stories . . . I keep hearing vague rumours that someone in the world's got a recording of *The Web of Fear*. It's all speculation, of course!"

Mervyn delves back 40 years to explain the tortuous route by which he came to write for television. "I always wanted to go into the theatre, even as a boy. I left school early with no real qualifications and worked in an office for six months. Then I won a drama award, so I packed up the job and became a film extra for about a year. My drama tutor said I would get nowhere doing this and told me I should go to RADA. I said, 'Come on, I live in a council house, my parents can't afford that.' She told me to see if I could win a scholarship, and bugger me, I got it! I had my fees paid for two years and was given £100 a year, which went quite a long way back then.

"I did quite a few things outside of RADA while I was there, at the Intimate Theatre at Palmers Green, the Arts Theatre, places like that. Strangely enough, the paths of Roger Moore and I have crossed quite a few times. He was at RADA with me, and we both went into a play called *Circle of Chalk* at the Arts Theatre. We had another oddball student with us called Philip Savile, who subsequently became a famous director."

"If you want a monster to be really menacing, you give it an air of innocence"

Mervyn left RADA in 1946. He was promptly called up for the army, but at the same time won an award, a year's contract with actor-manager Sir Donald Wolfit. "I went along to see the grand old man, and he said, 'No point coming to see me now, boy. Come to me as soon as you get out of the army.' In the army I was transferred to a combined services entertainment unit in Germany, and there I found out that the adjutant was actually Roger Moore! He'd taken a commission and so wasn't allowed to act. You can make a fool of yourself up to the rank of sergeant, but not beyond.

"After two-and-a-half years I was demobbed and duly went to see Wolfit, who was rehearsing *Twelfth Night* in the East End. He vaguely remembered me and gave me a small part, but things rather fell apart. I was quite a pretty boy back then, you see, and received a lot of attention from some of the cast! I was rather thrown by this – I'd been acting with a load of butch guys for the last two years – so I fled and sent Wolfit a telegram saying I couldn't join the company as my grandmother was ill in Blackpool. Instead I went into rep, toured, and did the odd bit on film. I also ran my own theatre company in Devon, but we lost every penny we had over one of the hottest summers on record. People stayed away in droves."

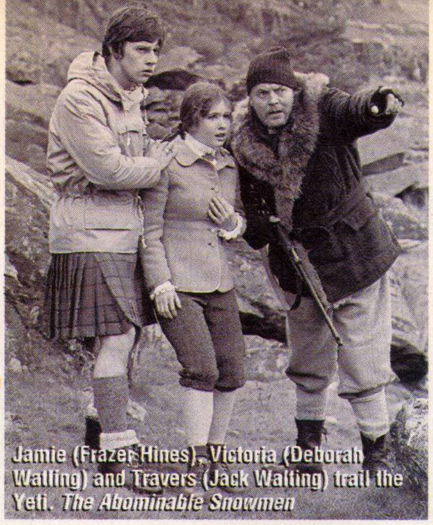
Mervyn and his wife went on to live in a caravan, and Mervyn got a job selling life insurance. Ten years later, he finally had the capital to pursue what he really wanted. "I went back to acting with a small part in a detective series called *No Hiding Place*. Then I met up with an old producer chum of mine called Gerry Glaister, who invited me to put in a script on spec for *Dr Finlay's Casebook*, which was duly accepted. I did a second one, and decided I wanted to be a writer. I'd met an actor called Henry Lincoln in *No Hiding Place*, and he'd just finished writing for *Emergency Ward 10*, so we got together."

Doctor Who was the very first series to which the pair turned their attention. "We both had kids, so we knew what *Doctor Who* was all about. Pat Troughton was also a friend of Henry's. In fact, those first episodes came about because Pat ran into Henry in the street in Kew, where they both lived. Henry asked how he was getting on, and Pat said, 'Well, I'm a bit pissed off with mucking about in space, frankly. Why don't they do something a bit more earthly? Why don't you come up with an idea for us?'

"So Henry approached me and we decided to develop an idea about which people knew but which had never been proved, a bit like the Loch Ness Monster. 'What about Yeti?', we thought. It took off from there. We sent an outline to the Head of Serials, a nice man called Shaun Sutton. He was nicknamed the Boy Scout. I think Pat suggested we send it to him.

"Shaun gave us a ring and said, 'Come in, I want to talk to you about this.' We went into Threshold House, and Shaun said, 'I like this idea, I want you to develop it. You know the restrictions on writing for television, don't you?' He wanted a treatment, so we gave him two or three pages. They were auctioned at one of the *Doctor Who* charity events a few years ago, complete with coffee stains and our little sketches, and fetched 1,500 quid!"

Next stop for the writing team was the production office, where they encountered producer Innes Lloyd and script editor Peter Bryant. "They both loved the Yeti idea. We did the *Abominable Snowmen* scripts for them, they said 'Thank you very much,' and as I recall there weren't that many rewrites. It wasn't a particularly collaborative process – I don't think we even had a drink together. For copies we had an old duplicating machine, one of those things where you type on wax, stick it on



Jamie (Frazer Hines), Victoria (Deborah Watling) and Travers (Jack Watling) trail the Yeti. *The Abominable Snowmen*

Oh, brother! Khrisong (Norman Jones) and the Doctor (Patrick Troughton) up to monk-y business. *The Abominable Snowmen*

"We did a film version of *The Abominable Snowmen* which went to Walt Disney"

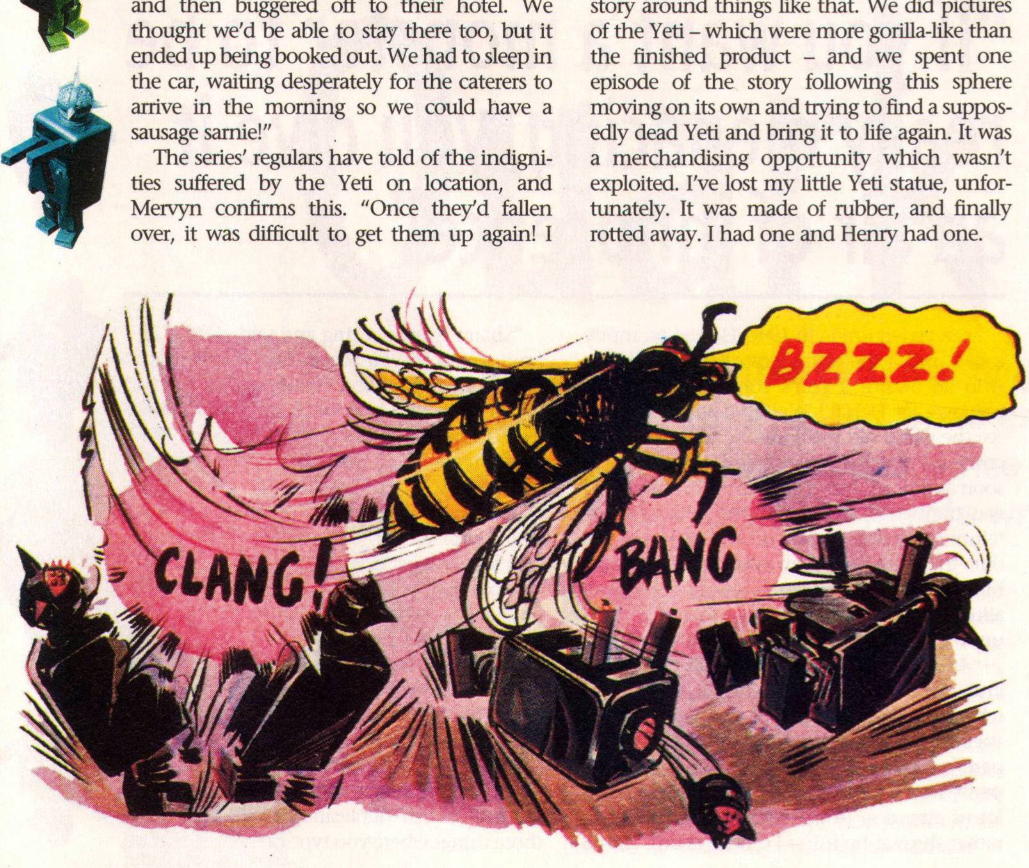
the drum and roll it out. We did all 30 production copies that way, and they seemed to think it was quite a good idea!"

I wondered how Henry and Mervyn's collaboration worked – did each of them handle specific writing tasks? "It was mixed, actually. We ended up with quite a shorthand between us. We'd devise the plot together, and when it came to scenes we decided between us which of the characters we felt the most empathy for, then passed scenes in which those characters were predominant back and forth to do rewrites on the spot. We were paid about 300 quid for a script, and we had to divide that between the two of us. We were always poor, Henry and I."

Both writers took an interest in the production of their scripts, and went along to most of the studio sessions. "In those days you certainly weren't invited along to rehearsals or anything like that, so we went along to Lime Grove and sat in on the recordings. My wife and I did go up to North Wales while they were shooting up there for *The Abominable Snowmen*. We'd been away on holiday, so we turned up unannounced and watched the filming. 'Lovely to see you,' everybody said, and then buggered off to their hotel. We thought we'd be able to stay there too, but it ended up being booked out. We had to sleep in the car, waiting desperately for the caterers to arrive in the morning so we could have a sausage sarnie!"

The series' regulars have told of the indignities suffered by the Yeti on location, and Mervyn confirms this. "Once they'd fallen over, it was difficult to get them up again! I don't know how [director] Gerald Blake did it, but he knew every one of the Yeti by name. I couldn't tell them apart, but he'd say, 'George, don't clown about like that, come here.' I think he did a superb job on the story. He was a super director, Gerry, as was Dougie [Camfield, director of *The Web of Fear*], in a different way."

One thing I've always liked about the Yeti stories is their iconic imagery – the Yeti control spheres, the pyramid, the tiny Yeti statuettes which acted as homing beacons. "Yes, the chess piece Yetis and all that. We devised the story around things like that. We did pictures of the Yeti – which were more gorilla-like than the finished product – and we spent one episode of the story following this sphere moving on its own and trying to find a supposedly dead Yeti and bring it to life again. It was a merchandising opportunity which wasn't exploited. I've lost my little Yeti statue, unfortunately. It was made of rubber, and finally rotted away. I had one and Henry had one.



BZZZ!
CLANG!
BANG

"Padmasambhava actually existed, you know. He was a monk who came out of Tibet yonks ago and brought Buddhism to the north of India. We checked on all the names so that they were authentic – Thomni, Ralpachan etcetera. Good God, I can actually remember them after all these years! The concept of the Great Intelligence was that of a nebula, a cloud or mist which had a being inside it. We tend to visualise things as being of solid matter, but this was an intelligence or whatever you want to call it, out there in the ether."

The Abominable Snowmen was eventually novelised by Terrance Dicks, but Mervyn reveals the existence of another book version of the story. "For a long time after the scripts were written, we kept thinking *The Abominable Snowmen* would make a bloody good book. At first we didn't think we could use it, but then it struck us that the only things the BBC owned were the Doctor, Jamie, Victoria and the TARDIS. Everything else was ours. If we forgot the TARDIS and had different characters, we were okay. My wife said she would write it, and she took the scripts and did a superb job, a wonderful book. Professor Travers featured heavily, if I recall correctly.

"Right at that point, we were approached by Target Books, who said they wanted to do a series of books based on *Doctor Who*, and could they do *The Abominable Snowmen*? 'Funny you should mention that,' we said, 'We've just written a book!' 'Oh no,' they said, 'It's got to be by one of our writers.' It was 500 quid or something for the rights, and Henry and I agonised over it. Bless her heart, it was my wife, Vena, who told us to go ahead and let the adaptation be done – we needed the money. So Terry Dicks did it, and did a first class job."

It wasn't the end of the story, however. "Vena's version sat there for a long time, until I heard through a director friend of mine that Disney was on the look-out. So I dug it out and renamed the story *The Intelligence*, and did this film version which went to Disney. They loved

Staff Sergeant Arnold (Jack Woolgar) finds something nasty down in the Piccadilly line . . . *The Web of Fear*

UNIT scientific adviser Anne Travers (Tina Packer). *The Web of Fear*

it, but unfortunately it was a time when Disney was going through one of their lowest financial ebbs. They just couldn't afford it. I even suggested North Wales for the shoot, but it came to no avail. The story's sat there ever since."

The *Doctor Who* production team were evidently impressed by Mervyn and Henry's debut script, for while it was before the cameras they commissioned a sequel. "I think they probably realised early on that the Yeti were going to be successful, or perhaps they thought that as they'd spent all this money on these bloody monsters, they'd better use them again! Henry and I thought about what we could do, and the idea which struck was how you would get about London without being seen – the Underground. It connects everywhere and has branches in all directions. So we started in the Underground and ended there, in the deserted Piccadilly Circus underground station. That last episode worked beautifully, with Jack Woolgar playing Sergeant Arnold as the face of the Intelligence on Earth.

"Also, when I was at RADA, I used to get off at Goodge Street and walk through to Gower Street past an entrance to a sealed-off Underground station. It might still exist. It was used by troops in transit. There was a siding with a platform, a canteen and bunk beds and all sorts of things, and no-one knew they were there. Henry and I thought we could use that as well as tunnels, and it all led to *The Web of Fear*."

The writers chose to link their two stories with the character of Professor Travers, 40 years older and immeasurably grumpier. "It was rather fun to go back and use the character, but set forward in time – nice to see how he'd turned out. [Actor] Jack Watling's a nice man, and his daughter Debbie [who played Victoria] is lovely too. I met up with them at a *Doctor Who* conference a few years ago. Likewise, I'm still in touch with [writer/script editor] Vic Pemberton, and David Spenser, who played Thomni in *The Abominable Snowmen*. We all met up at a convention, and my wife and I invited them down for a break. We spent a hilarious weekend together."

The Underground sets constructed for the story were famously convincing, even to the extent of duping London Transport. "They did look very good. We had approached London Underground early on while writing the script and asked if filming would be possible, and they said 'no bloody way'. The only alternative was to do it in studio, so we actually drew sections of tunnel ourselves. We had a curved section, a straight section and a platform, and you could stick them all together to create an endless array. We gave all of these drawings to the designer.

"I remember Dougie Camfield came into one production meeting and said, 'Very clever boys, lovely script, but how on earth do I shoot this?' Henry and I looked at each other and said, 'Dougie, take a look at this.' Dougie looked at our designs and said, 'Hell, you've done your homework, haven't you?' And the design team did do a superb job. On the night of the first transmission, the BBC got one hell of a bollocking. London Transport rang up and said, 'We completely forbade this! How the hell did you get down there?' The smug BBC said, 'We didn't. It was all done in studio.'"

The Web of Fear was littered with strong characters, chief amongst them Alistair Gordon Lethbridge Stewart. "Colonel Lethbridge Stewart, he was then. He became Brigadier later. He was our character, but the BBC used him so often we used to get £2.10 a week each for him! There was even a spin-off film, *Downtime*, made by an independent company a few years back. They asked if they could use the Yeti and the Brigadier, so I phoned up Henry and we talked about it and agreed. Why not? We wouldn't like to see Nick Courtney go without a job.

"The other character we loved was Corporal Evans, who was played by a Welshman, Derek Pollitt. He was an errant coward who didn't want to be there or do anything. He could have stayed on with Lethbridge Stewart afterwards, but the BBC got some very nasty letters from Welsh people saying, 'How dare you portray the Welsh as cowards! We're all brave men!' The poor sod never got any more work on *Doctor Who*."

Equal to his reputation for army-like efficiency on his productions, director Douglas Camfield strove to portray the military realistically on screen. "Oh yes, he had a tremendous input. He was very, very good at that sort of thing. All the battle scenes were Dougie's. We would write a battle scene, and even suggested the yard near Covent Garden tube for the big battle [between the Brigadier's troops and the Yeti in episode four], but the action itself was completely devised by Dougie."

The redesign of the Yeti into slimmer, more frightening beasts was again Camfield's input. Mervyn was slightly less happy with this aspect. "They gave the Yeti a beak and made them far more menacing. It missed the point that the Yeti were meant to be cuddly. If you want something really menacing, you give it an air of innocence – then when it turns around and kills someone, you're shocked. We wanted that with the Quarks as well, have them as small robots with beautiful little piping children's voices. Instead they gave them all these bleeps and other sounds, and it

BBC [2] BBC Video [3]

Rago (Ronald Allen) and Toba (Kenneth Ives), out and about for a good day's Domination . . .

Zoe (Wendy Padbury) and the Doctor drink with docile Dulcians Kando (Felicity Gibson) and Senex (Walter Fitzgerald). *The Dominators*

didn't work at all. They were trying too hard to make them menacing."

Mention of the Quarks brings us to Mervyn and Henry's final script for *Doctor Who*, *The Dominators*. "The ideas were influenced by the flower power and 'love conquers everything' philosophy of the time. It was all peace, peace, peace. Henry and I discussed this fairly philosophically and thought, okay, if we had peace it would be a very civilised society. You could stand down the army – you wouldn't need them. But what would happen if some Attilla the Hun appeared on the scene and wiped the whole bloody lot of you out? How would people protect themselves? Would they want to, really? They just wouldn't understand people who wanted to take them over."

Trouble began brewing after the pair handed in their six scripts, believing all was well. "By that time Peter Bryant had become producer and a new script editor had taken over, Derrick Sherwin. I'm afraid we clashed head-on over *The Dominators*. Sherwin didn't grasp the idea, or understand how the Quarks could be menacing with children's voices. We wrote six episodes, and without even telling us he cut it down to five and did a lot of rewriting at the very last minute. We got bloody annoyed about that. We hadn't been asked to do any major rewrites – there was no word that things had gone wrong or whatever."

What was different in the writers' original version? "It's a difficult question to answer, because both Henry and I tried to wipe *The Dominators* from our minds rather than get uptight about it. We certainly didn't go to the recordings. We probably did watch it, if just to pick up the phone afterwards and say, 'What did you think of that?' 'Rubbish!' Luckily we had other things to write at that time. I don't know to this day what the story was with *The Dominators*." I point out that a contemporary memo indicates the production team felt the script was high on satirical dialogue but low on action. "Ah-hah. Never confuse movement with action!"

The second bone of contention over *The Dominators* concerned merchandising – a situation which would lead to a falling-out between the writers and the script editor. Mervyn tells the story: "The whole idea of the Quarks was that we would create something that could be manufactured, and we and the BBC would make money out of it through merchandising. We came up with this drawing of a Quark, and the idea was that they had a whole variety of tools for hands. They had things clipped to them, and they could take them off, have a drill in one hand, and a gun or screwdriver or whatever in the other.

"Pat said, 'I'm a bit fed up with mucking about in space. Write me something earthly'"

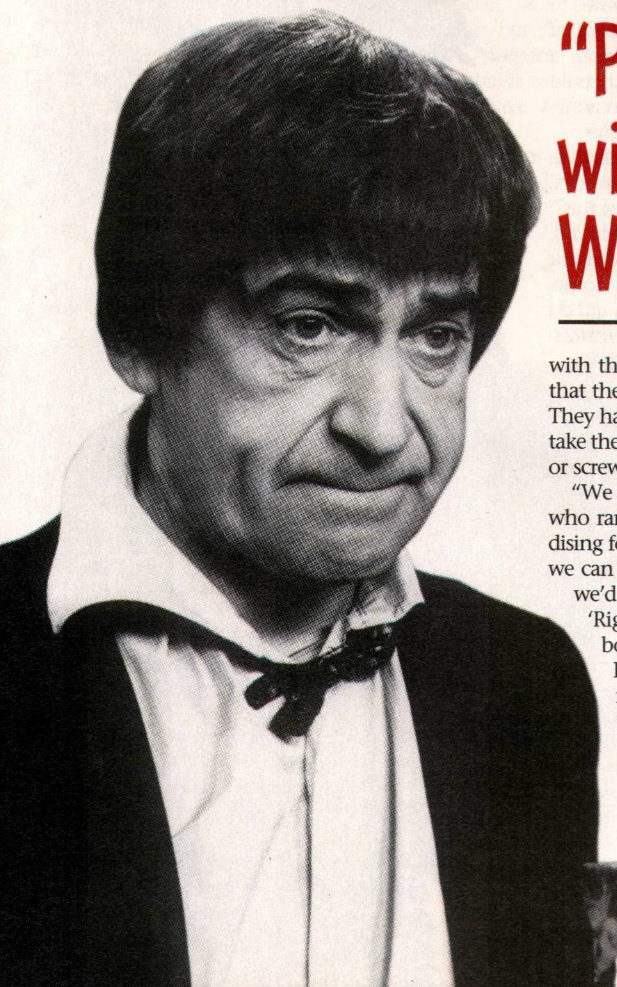
"We also talked about the Quarks with the guy who ran the company which did the merchandising for the Daleks. He said, 'This is great, boys, we can do this and that.' We let the BBC know we'd approached this company and said, 'Right, over to you,' and got a right bollocking! They said, 'Oh no, BBC Enterprises takes care of things like that, nothing to do with you.' So they took an ad out in one trade magazine saying, 'BBC Enterprises represents the Quarks.' Apart from a few candy cigarette-type things, that was it. Stupid!

"Then Derrick Sherwin did a deal with some comic strip without telling us. There was no consultation whatsoever. I phoned Sherwin up and he got very uptight about it, and it ended up with me phoning the comic and saying, 'I'm sorry, you're Joe in the middle here, because you've just paid good money for something that the BBC doesn't entirely own.' They didn't know what I was talking about and said, 'It's too late to stop it,' so I said, 'Fine, okay, if that's what you feel I'm slapping an injunction on you as from tomorrow.'

"They came back within half-an-hour and offered us a small bag of gold. We had no wish to see their entire magazine ruined, so we took it. It all ended up going up in front of the Head of Copyright at BBC, a chap called Henderson. We sat there with Derrick Sherwin and Peter Bryant, and Henderson gave them, mainly Derrick, the biggest rap over the knuckles I've ever seen. He said, 'It doesn't matter whether the writers own even half of this, you simply cannot do this sort of thing without consultation.' As we left the office, Sherwin said to me, 'You think you've won, don't you?' That's why we never attempted to do another *Doctor Who*. It's a long time ago now, but it was all rather nasty."

The acrimony unfortunately put paid to a third Yeti story which would have seen Jamie's departure. "We'd heard in advance that Jamie was going to leave the series, so we thought we'd do a story in Scotland. It was set by a loch with a castle nearby, and everything was enclosed in a forcefield. There were a number of suspects as to who had been taken over by the Great Intelligence: the factor of the Laird, and a sorceress-type woman in the village, but they were all red herrings. It was actually the Laird himself, the last of Jamie's clan. There were no heirs, so although he was actually a forefather, Jamie was the obvious choice to step in. The clash came in whether he would go on with the Doctor or take up his rightful inheritance and responsibility. But we only got to do a very brief outline before the story was put to one side."

Undaunted, Mervyn and Henry continued to write together. "It was a relationship which went on for many years beyond *Doctor Who*. We wrote so many damn things together that I've frankly forgotten most of them. One was a turgid horror film called *Curse of the Crimson Altar*. We wanted



BBC Video [3] Tigon [1]

to take our names off it, but unfortunately they stayed! We did various television series – three or four episodes of *The Expert*, I remember.

"Then Henry became very tied up in a mystery in France called Rennes-le-Chateau [concerning a fabled religious treasure, the Knights Templar and Freemasonry]. He wanted to devote more time to solving it, and our partnership just didn't work towards the end. We didn't quarrel or anything like that, it was just time to pack up the cart. Henry ended up writing a bestseller on Rennes-le-Chateau, and I went off and did a children's series called *The Intruder*.

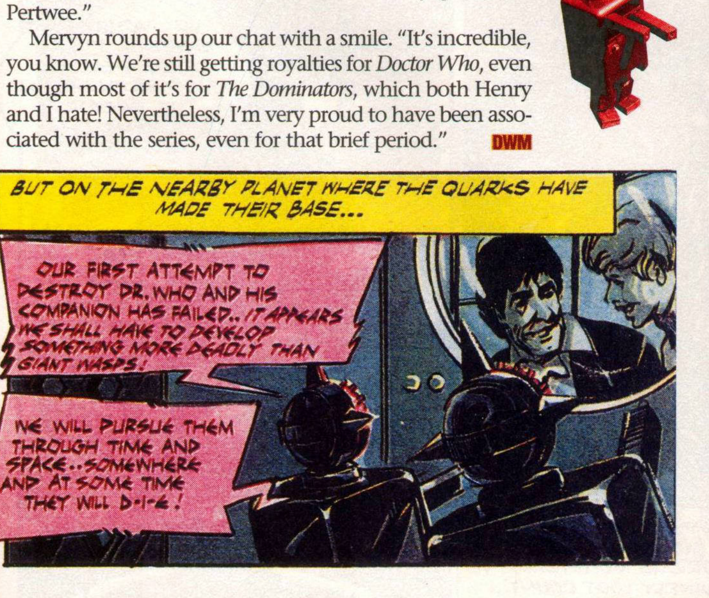
"I went on to be a script editor for the BBC. I did *Sutherland's Law* in Scotland, and then went on with nine- and 12-month contracts with the BBC for almost 15 years. The highlights would have to be five very, very happy years on *The Onedin Line*, and a screen version of the cartoon *Jane* from the *Daily Mirror*. I devised a way of shooting it using Chromakey [also known as CSO], with drawn backgrounds but real actors. Glynis Barber [Soolin in *Blake's 7*] was our star. It was a tremendous success, but being on BBC2, they were embarrassed and didn't know what to do with a success! Then I worked with Joe Waters on a number of series over the next few years – *Fanny by Gaslight*, *My Family and Other Animals* and *My Brother Jonathan*, with Daniel Day-Lewis."

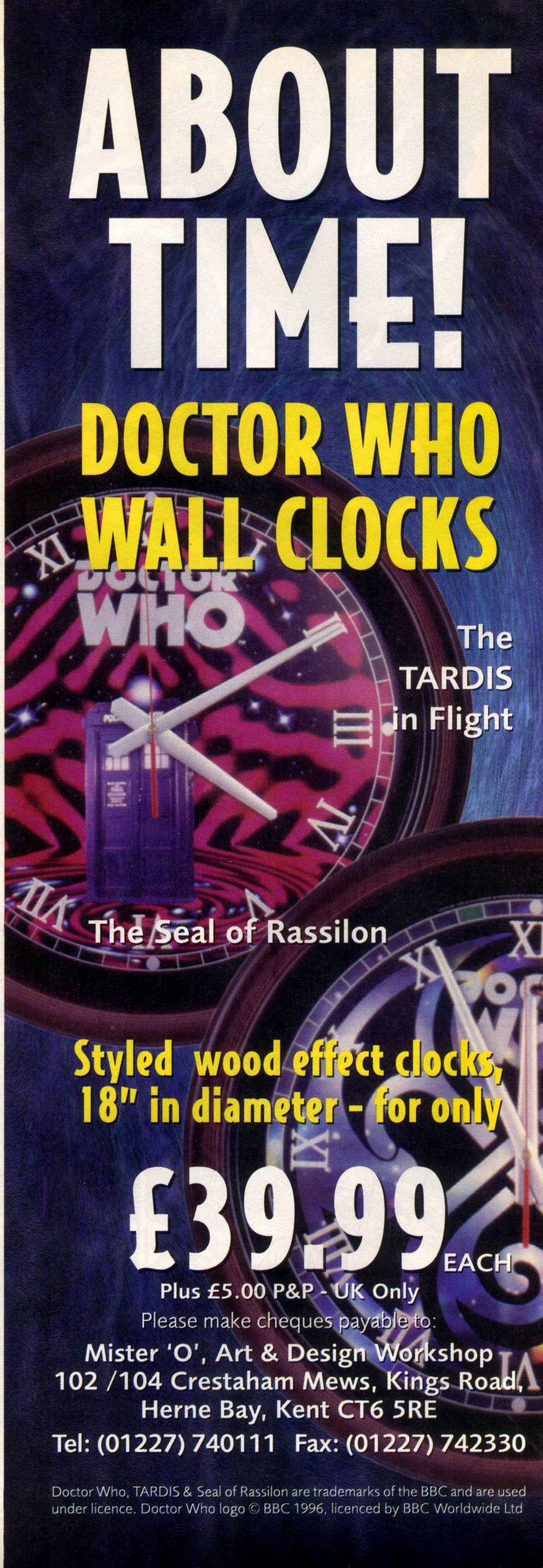
Mervyn eventually left the BBC during a period of flux. "Things changed tremendously in the 15 years I worked for the Corporation. At one time producers had a definite say in what they were doing, but during the intervening years the controllers had taken over. Quite frankly, a lot of them had never directed a thing in their lives. It was becoming pretty chaotic, so I decided to leave. I spent the best part of a year travelling around the world, and when I came back I was asked to write for *Howard's Way*. I did three series and became their principal writer."

Nowadays Mervyn works mostly for a production company set up by a friend, someone he gave a start to in their writing career. He has adapted for film the likes of *Swiss Family Robinson*, *William Tell* and *A Twist in the Tale*, the latter starring William Shatner. He has also written a book called *Dear Merv, Dear Bill*, a largely autobiographical work detailing an exchange of letters between two schoolboys in the War, one in London, the other evacuated, and he's now returned to work on another novel he toyed with while writing for television.

"I've always said I would have been quite happy for the BBC to go on using the Yeti, after Sherwin's time. The same applied to Nick Courtney. I don't know that we'd have been able to write another story, as we were both very busy, Henry researching his book and me doing other things. The office of the last producer, John Nathan-Turner, wasn't too far from mine when I was a script editor at the BBC, so I sort-of knew what was going on. I did see some of the later Doctors – Davison was very good, and Pertwee."

Mervyn rounds up our chat with a smile. "It's incredible, you know. We're still getting royalties for *Doctor Who*, even though most of it's for *The Dominators*, which both Henry and I hate! Nevertheless, I'm very proud to have been associated with the series, even for that brief period." DWM


BUT ON THE NEARBY PLANET WHERE THE QUARKS HAVE MADE THEIR BASE...
OUR FIRST ATTEMPT TO DESTROY DR. WHO AND HIS COMPANION HAS FAILED.. IT APPEARS WE SHALL HAVE TO DEVELOP SOMETHING MORE DEADLY THAN GIANT WASPS!
WE WILL PURSUE THEM THROUGH TIME AND SPACE.. SOMEWHERE AND AT SOME TIME THEY WILL D-I-E!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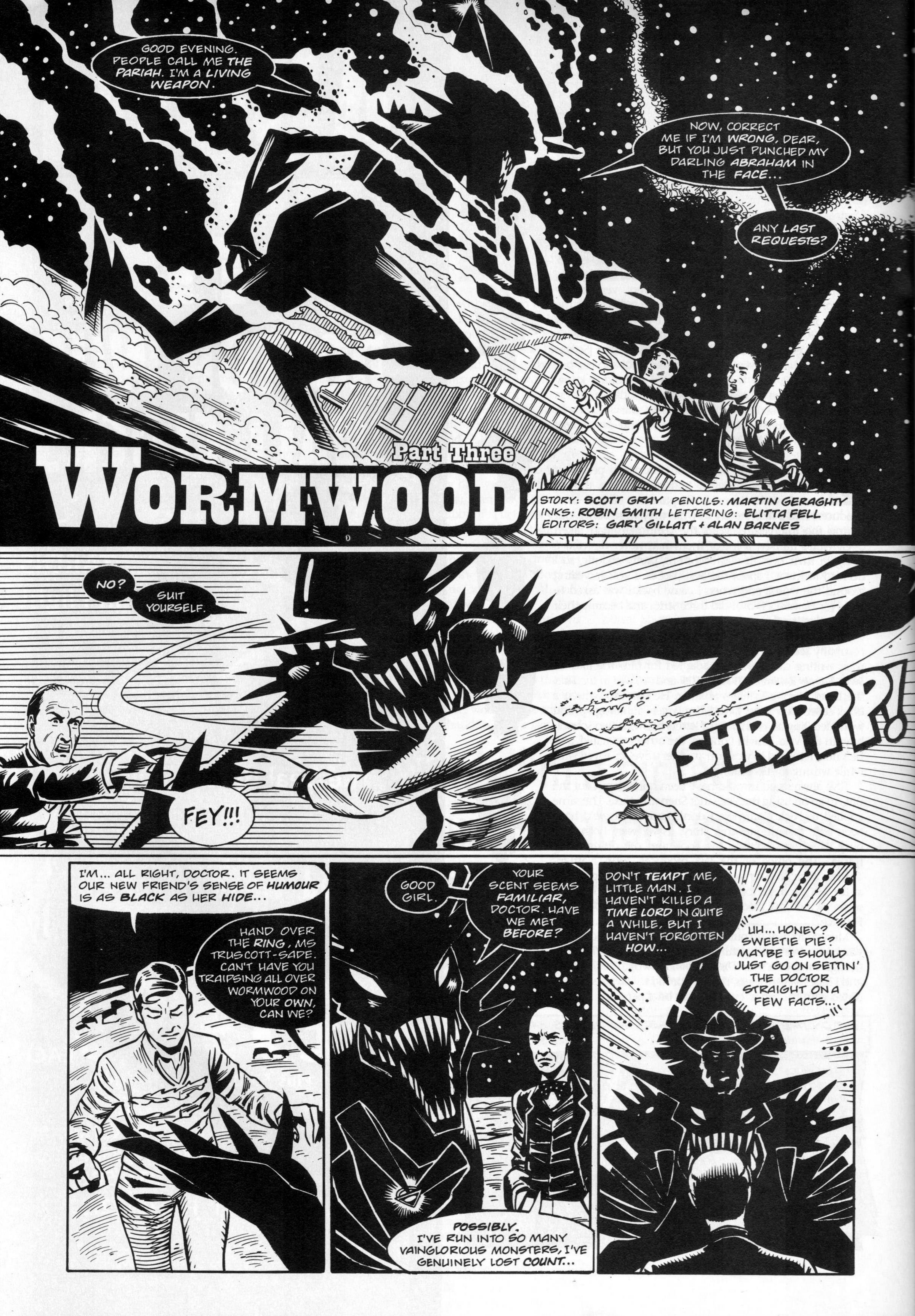
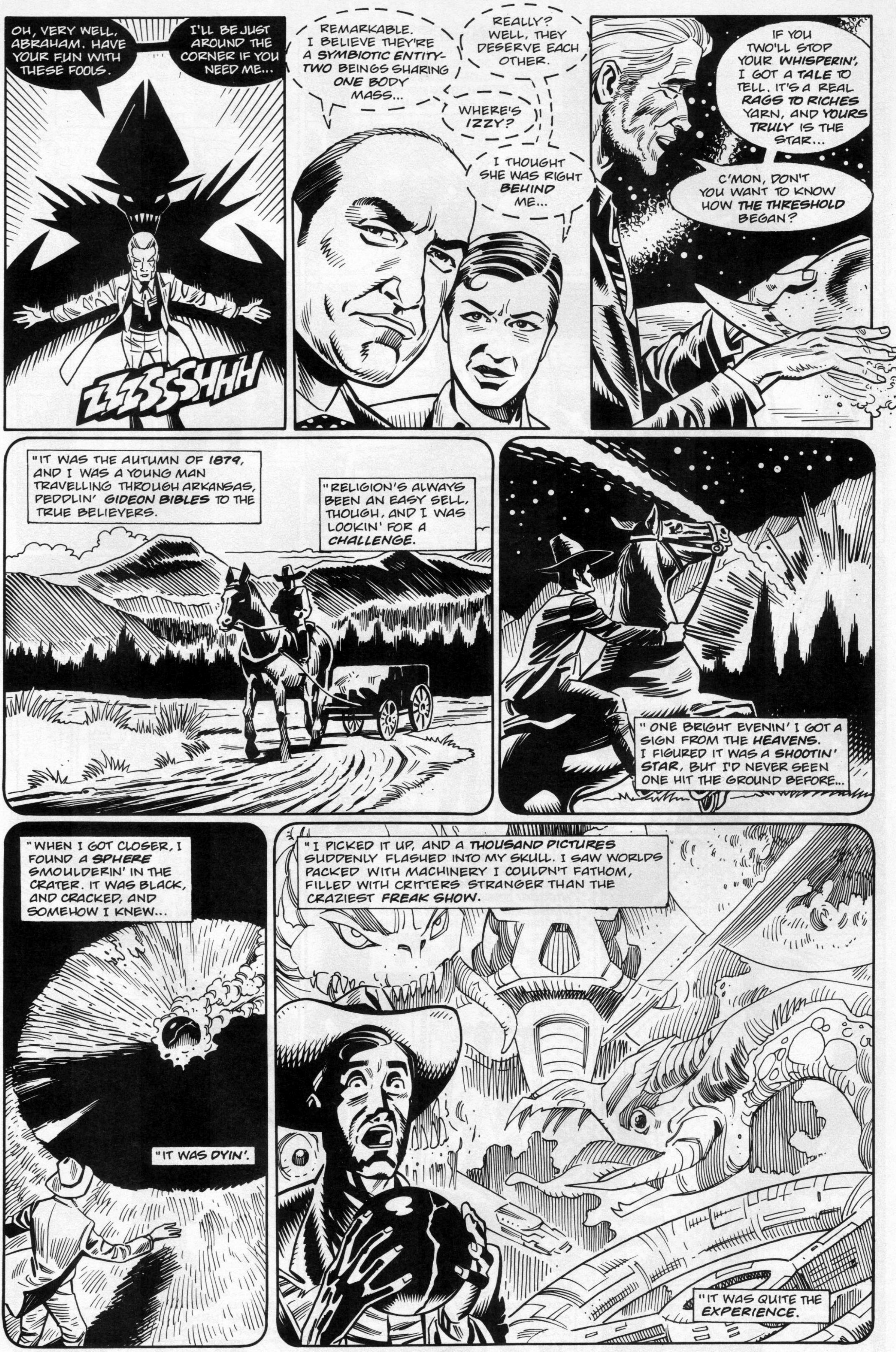
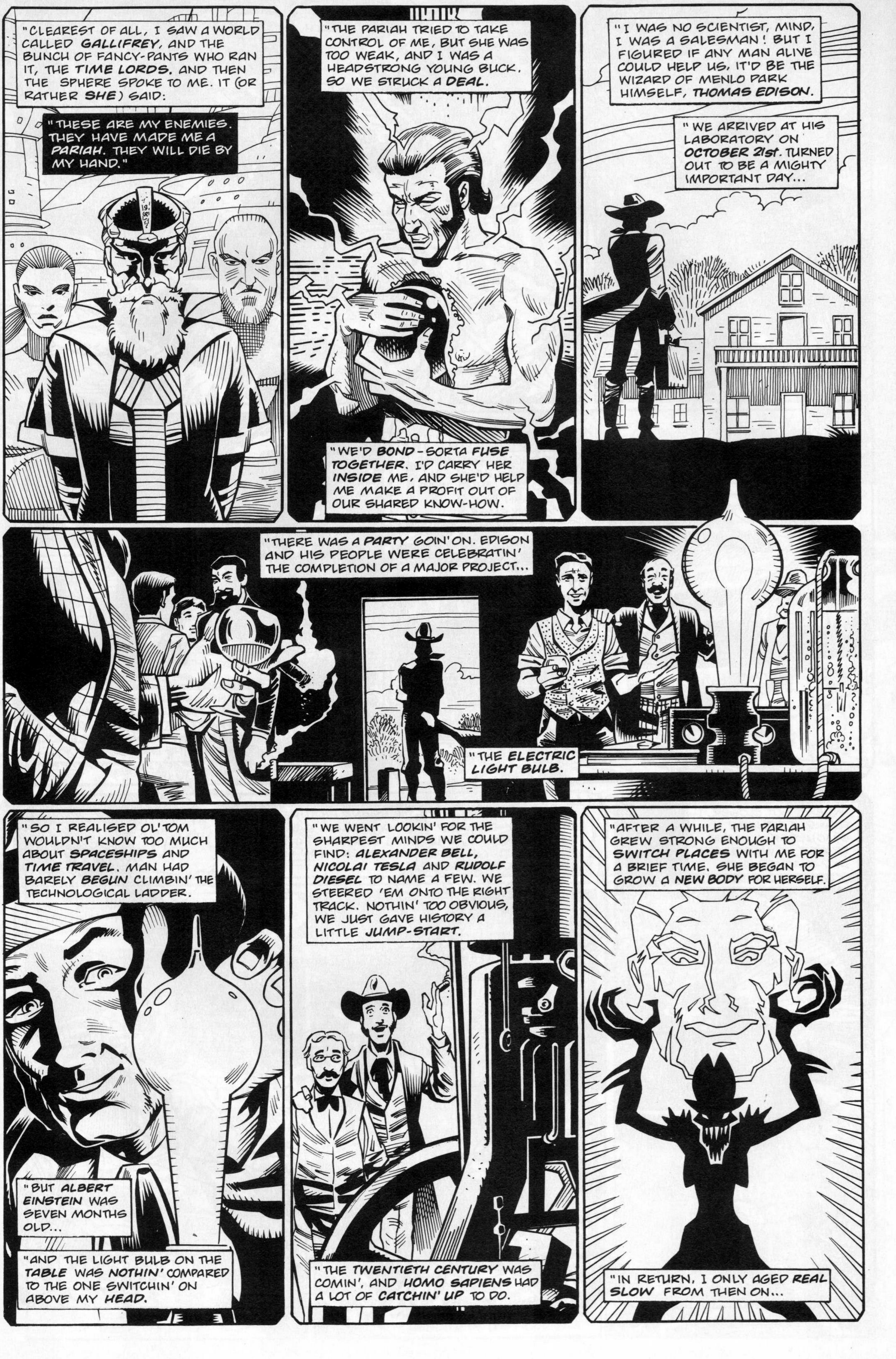
Part Three

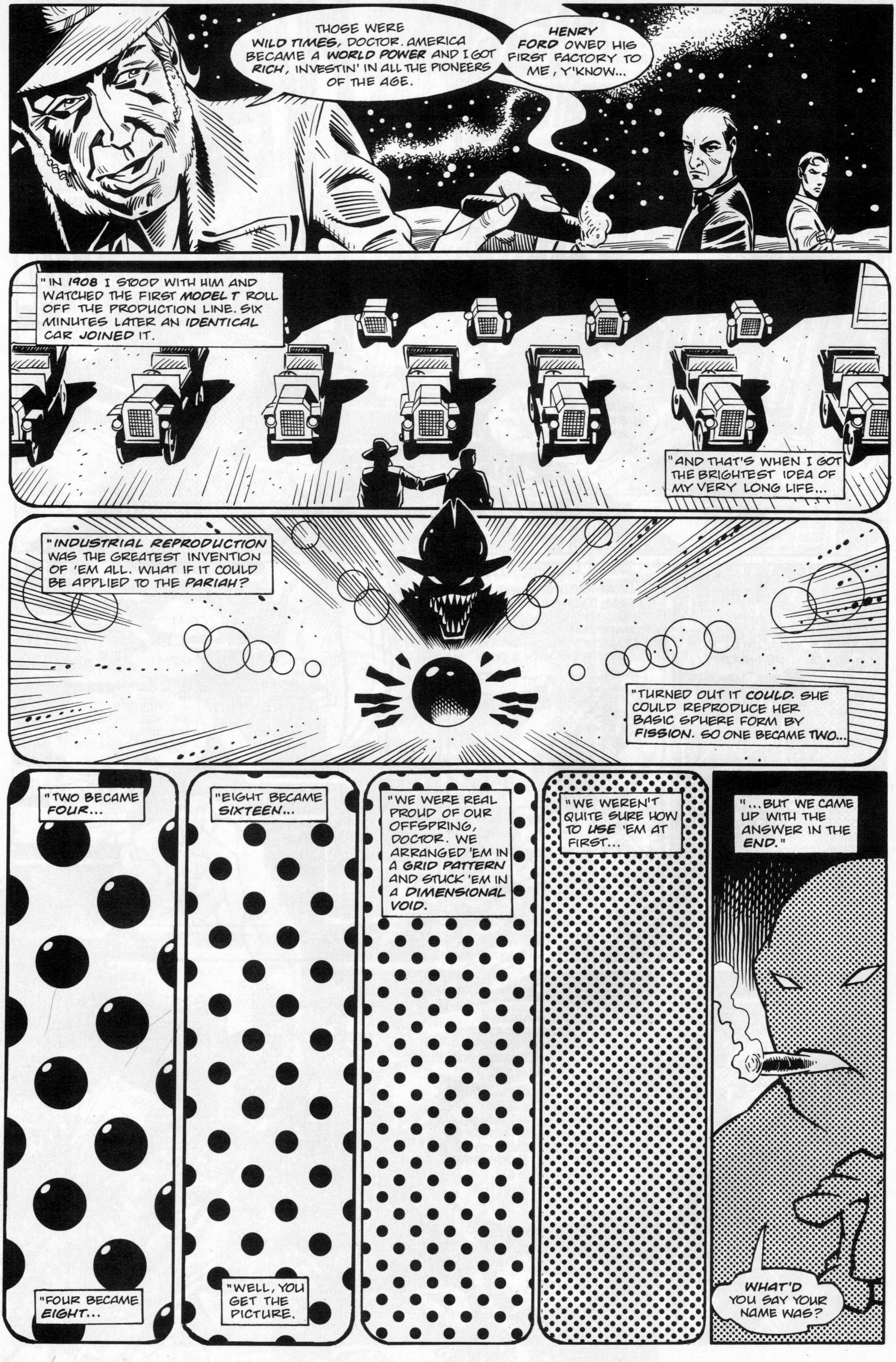
WORMWOOD

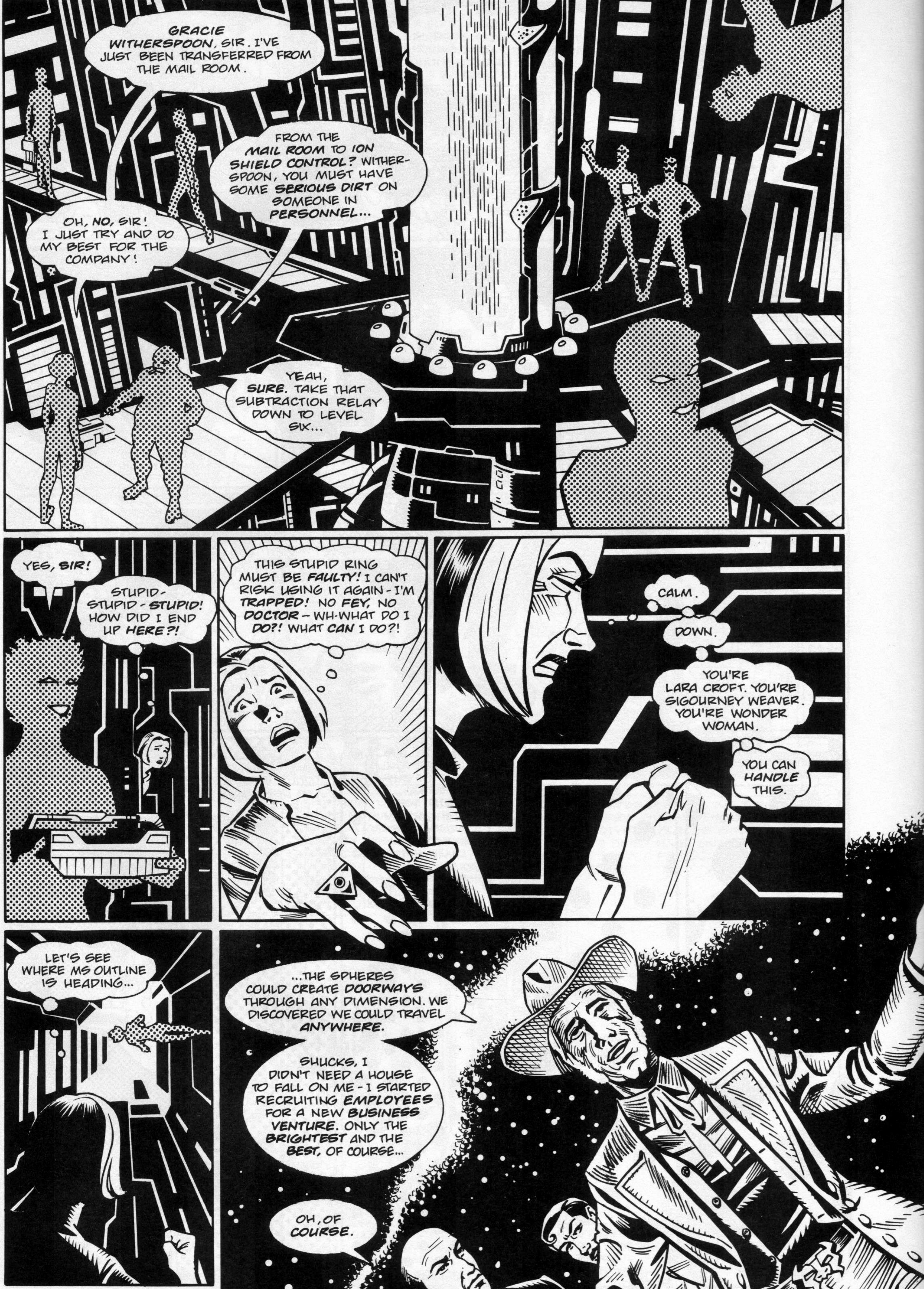
STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + ALAN BARNES

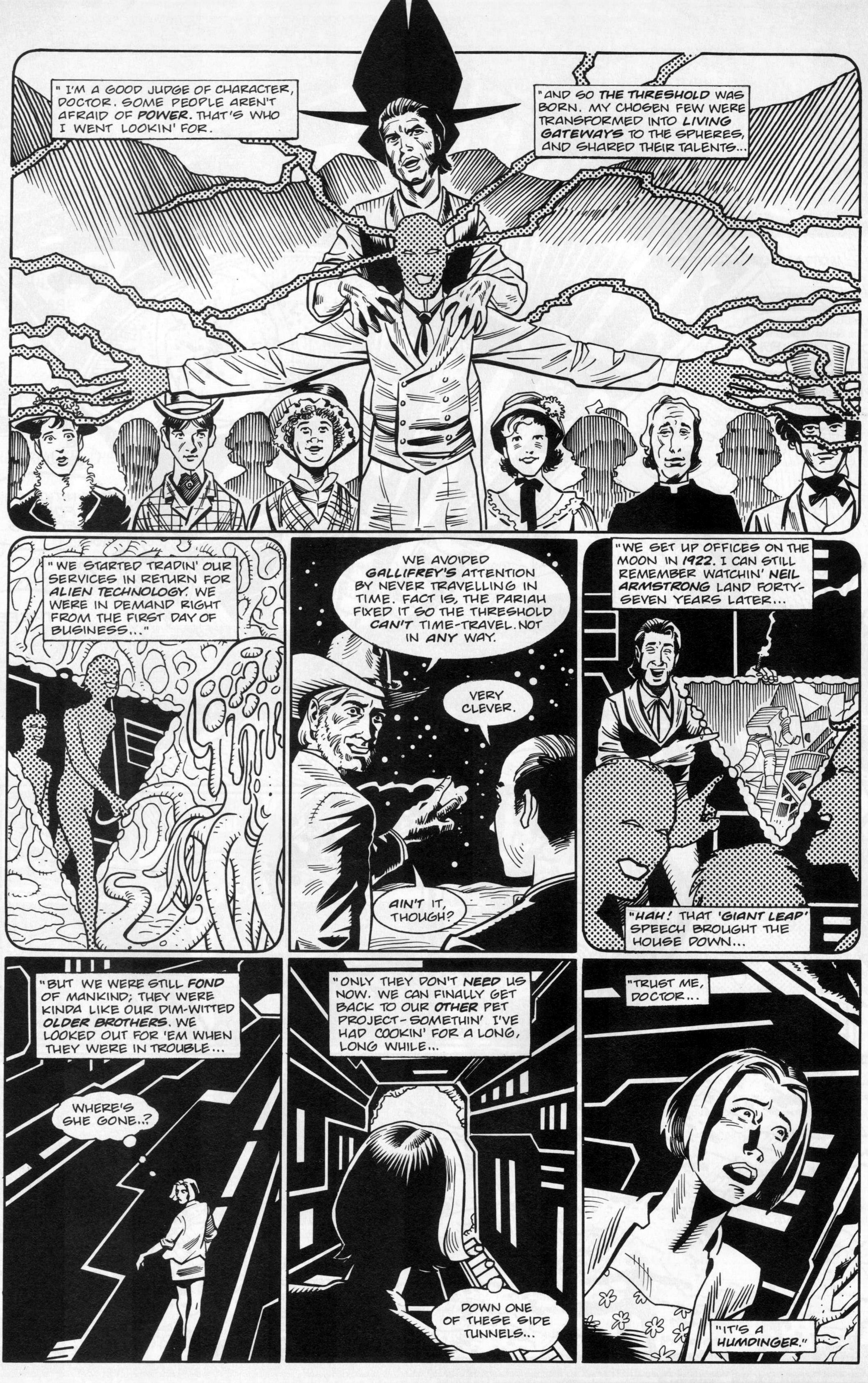

GOOD EVENING. PEOPLE CALL ME THE PARIAH. I'M A LIVING WEAPON.
NOW, CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG, DEAR, BUT YOU JUST PUNCHED MY DARLING ABRAHAM IN THE FACE...
ANY LAST REQUESTS?
NO?
SUIT YOURSELF.
SHRPPP!
FEY!!!
I'M... ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR. IT SEEMS OUR NEW FRIEND'S SENSE OF HUMOUR IS AS BLACK AS HER HIDE...
HAND OVER THE RING, MS TRUSCOTT-SADE. CAN'T HAVE YOU TRAIPSING ALL OVER WORMWOOD ON YOUR OWN, CAN WE?
GOOD GIRL.
YOUR SCENT SEEMS FAMILIAR, DOCTOR. HAVE WE MET BEFORE?
POSSIBLY. I'VE RUN INTO SO MANY VAINGLORIOUS MONSTERS, I'VE GENUINELY LOST COUNT...
DON'T TEMPT ME, LITTLE MAN. I HAVEN'T KILLED A TIME LORD IN QUITE A WHILE, BUT I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN HOW...
UH... HONEY? SWEETIE PIE? MAYBE I SHOULD JUST GO ON SETTIN' THE DOCTOR STRAIGHT ON A FEW FACTS...

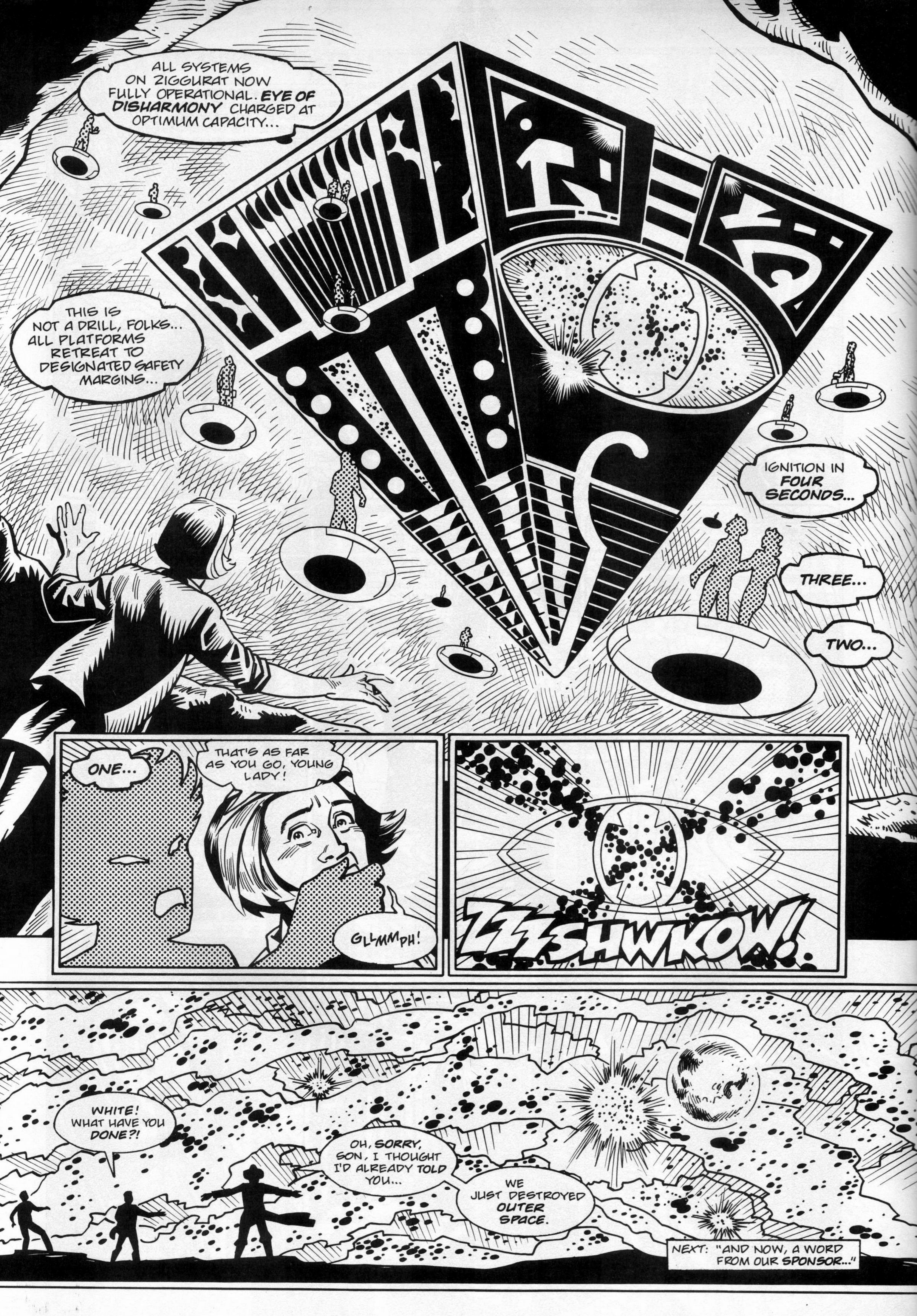

OH, VERY WELL, ABRAHAM. HAVE YOUR FUN WITH THESE FOOLS.
I'LL BE JUST AROUND THE CORNER IF YOU NEED ME...
ZZZSSSHHH
REMARKABLE. I BELIEVE THEY'RE A SYMBIOTIC ENTITY- TWO BEINGS SHARING ONE BODY MASS...
REALLY? WELL, THEY DESERVE EACH OTHER.
WHERE'S IZZY?
I THOUGHT SHE WAS RIGHT BEHIND ME...
IF YOU TWO'LL STOP YOUR WHISPERIN', I GOT A TALE TO TELL. IT'S A REAL RAGS TO RICHES YARN, AND YOURS TRULY IS THE STAR...
C'MON, DON'T YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW THE THRESHOLD BEGAN?
"IT WAS THE AUTUMN OF 1879, AND I WAS A YOUNG MAN TRAVELLING THROUGH ARKANSAS, PEDDLIN' GIDEON BIBLES TO THE TRUE BELIEVERS.
"RELIGION'S ALWAYS BEEN AN EASY SELL, THOUGH, AND I WAS LOOKIN' FOR A CHALLENGE.
"ONE BRIGHT EVENIN' I GOT A SIGN FROM THE HEAVENS. I FIGURED IT WAS A SHOOTIN' STAR, BUT I'D NEVER SEEN ONE HIT THE GROUND BEFORE...
"WHEN I GOT CLOSER, I FOUND A SPHERE SMOULDERIN' IN THE CRATER. IT WAS BLACK, AND CRACKED, AND SOMEHOW I KNEW...
"IT WAS DYIN'.
"I PICKED IT UP, AND A THOUSAND PICTURES SUDDENLY FLASHED INTO MY SKULL. I SAW WORLDS PACKED WITH MACHINERY I COULDN'T FATHOM, FILLED WITH CRITTERS STRANGER THAN THE CRAZIEST FREAK SHOW.
"IT WAS QUITE THE EXPERIENCE.

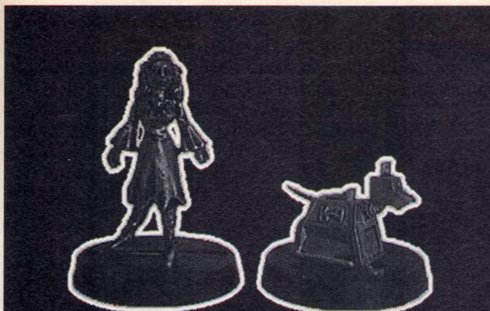

"CLEAREST OF ALL, I SAW A WORLD CALLED GALLIFREY, AND THE BUNCH OF FANCY-PANTS WHO RAN IT, THE TIME LORDS. AND THEN THE SPHERE SPOKE TO ME. IT (OR RATHER SHE) SAID:
"THESE ARE MY ENEMIES. THEY HAVE MADE ME A PARIAH. THEY WILL DIE BY MY HAND."
"THE PARIAH TRIED TO TAKE CONTROL OF ME, BUT SHE WAS TOO WEAK, AND I WAS A HEADSTRONG YOUNG BUCK. SO WE STRUCK A DEAL.
"WE'D BOND - SORTA FUSE TOGETHER. I'D CARRY HER INSIDE ME, AND SHE'D HELP ME MAKE A PROFIT OUT OF OUR SHARED KNOW-HOW.
"I WAS NO SCIENTIST, MIND, I WAS A SALESMAN! BUT I FIGURED IF ANY MAN ALIVE COULD HELP US, IT'D BE THE WIZARD OF MENLO PARK HIMSELF, THOMAS EDISON.
"WE ARRIVED AT HIS LABORATORY ON OCTOBER 21st. TURNED OUT TO BE A MIGHTY IMPORTANT DAY...
"THERE WAS A PARTY GOIN' ON. EDISON AND HIS PEOPLE WERE CELEBRATIN' THE COMPLETION OF A MAJOR PROJECT...
"THE ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB.
"SO I REALISED OL' TOM WOULDN'T KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT SPACESHIPS AND TIME TRAVEL. MAN HAD BARELY BEGUN CLIMBIN' THE TECHNOLOGICAL LADDER.
"BUT ALBERT EINSTEIN WAS SEVEN MONTHS OLD...
"AND THE LIGHT BULB ON THE TABLE WAS NOTHIN' COMPARED TO THE ONE SWITCHIN' ON ABOVE MY HEAD.
"WE WENT LOOKIN' FOR THE SHARPEST MINDS WE COULD FIND: ALEXANDER BELL, NICOLAI TESLA AND RUDOLF DIESEL TO NAME A FEW. WE STEERED 'EM ONTO THE RIGHT TRACK. NOTHIN' TOO OBVIOUS, WE JUST GAVE HISTORY A LITTLE JUMP-START.
"THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WAS COMIN', AND HOMO SAPIENS HAD A LOT OF CATCHIN' UP TO DO.
"AFTER A WHILE, THE PARIAH GREW STRONG ENOUGH TO SWITCH PLACES WITH ME FOR A BRIEF TIME. SHE BEGAN TO GROW A NEW BODY FOR HERSELF.
"IN RETURN, I ONLY AGED REAL SLOW FROM THEN ON...


THOSE WERE **WILD TIMES,** DOCTOR. AMERICA BECAME A **WORLD POWER** AND I GOT **RICH,** INVESTIN' IN ALL THE PIONEERS OF THE AGE.
HENRY FORD OWED HIS FIRST FACTORY TO ME, Y'KNOW...
"IN **1908** I STOOD WITH HIM AND WATCHED THE FIRST **MODEL T** ROLL OFF THE PRODUCTION LINE. SIX MINUTES LATER AN **IDENTICAL** CAR **JOINED** IT.
"AND THAT'S WHEN I GOT THE BRIGHTEST IDEA OF MY VERY LONG LIFE...
"**INDUSTRIAL REPRODUCTION** WAS THE GREATEST INVENTION OF 'EM ALL. WHAT IF IT COULD BE APPLIED TO THE *PARIAH?*
"TURNED OUT IT **COULD.** SHE COULD REPRODUCE HER BASIC SPHERE FORM BY **FISSION.** SO ONE BECAME **TWO...**
"TWO BECAME **FOUR...**
"FOUR BECAME **EIGHT...**
"EIGHT BECAME **SIXTEEN...**
"WELL, YOU GET THE PICTURE.
"WE WERE REAL PROUD OF OUR OFFSPRING, DOCTOR. WE ARRANGED 'EM IN A **GRID PATTERN** AND STUCK 'EM IN A **DIMENSIONAL VOID.**
"WE WEREN'T QUITE SURE HOW TO **USE** 'EM AT FIRST...
"...BUT WE CAME UP WITH THE ANSWER IN THE **END.**"
WHAT'D YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?


GRACIE WITHERSPOON, SIR. I'VE JUST BEEN TRANSFERRED FROM THE MAIL ROOM.
FROM THE MAIL ROOM TO ION SHIELD CONTROL? WITHERSPOON, YOU MUST HAVE SOME SERIOUS DIRT ON SOMEONE IN PERSONNEL...
OH, NO, SIR! I JUST TRY AND DO MY BEST FOR THE COMPANY!
YEAH, SURE. TAKE THAT SUBTRACTION RELAY DOWN TO LEVEL SIX...
YES, SIR!
STUPID-STUPID-STUPID! HOW DID I END UP HERE?!
THIS STUPID RING MUST BE FAULTY! I CAN'T RISK USING IT AGAIN - I'M TRAPPED! NO FEY, NO DOCTOR - WH-WHAT DO I DO?! WHAT CAN I DO?!
CALM.
DOWN.
YOU'RE LARA CROFT. YOU'RE SIGOURNEY WEAVER. YOU'RE WONDER WOMAN.
YOU CAN HANDLE THIS.
LET'S SEE WHERE MS OUTLINE IS HEADING...
...THE SPHERES COULD CREATE DOORWAYS THROUGH ANY DIMENSION. WE DISCOVERED WE COULD TRAVEL ANYWHERE.
SHUCKS, I DIDN'T NEED A HOUSE TO FALL ON ME - I STARTED RECRUITING EMPLOYEES FOR A NEW BUSINESS VENTURE. ONLY THE BRIGHTEST AND THE BEST, OF COURSE...
OH, OF COURSE.


"I'M A GOOD JUDGE OF CHARACTER, DOCTOR. SOME PEOPLE AREN'T AFRAID OF **POWER**. THAT'S WHO I WENT LOOKIN' FOR.
"AND SO **THE THRESHOLD** WAS BORN. MY CHOSEN FEW WERE TRANSFORMED INTO **LIVING GATEWAYS** TO THE SPHERES, AND SHARED THEIR TALENTS...
"WE STARTED TRADIN' OUR SERVICES IN RETURN FOR **ALIEN TECHNOLOGY**. WE WERE IN DEMAND RIGHT FROM THE FIRST DAY OF BUSINESS..."
WE AVOIDED **GALLIFREY'S** ATTENTION BY NEVER TRAVELLING IN TIME. FACT IS, THE PARIAH FIXED IT SO THE THRESHOLD **CAN'T** TIME-TRAVEL. NOT IN **ANY** WAY.
VERY CLEVER.
AIN'T IT, THOUGH?
"WE SET UP OFFICES ON THE MOON IN **1922**. I CAN STILL REMEMBER WATCHIN' **NEIL ARMSTRONG** LAND FORTY-SEVEN YEARS LATER...
"**HAH!** THAT **'GIANT LEAP'** SPEECH BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN...
"BUT WE WERE STILL **FOND** OF MANKIND; THEY WERE KINDA LIKE OUR DIM-WITTED **OLDER BROTHERS**. WE LOOKED OUT FOR 'EM WHEN THEY WERE IN TROUBLE...
WHERE'S SHE GONE..?
"ONLY THEY DON'T **NEED** US NOW. WE CAN FINALLY GET BACK TO OUR **OTHER** PET PROJECT - SOMETHIN' I'VE HAD COOKIN' FOR A LONG, LONG WHILE...
DOWN ONE OF THESE SIDE TUNNELS...
"TRUST ME, DOCTOR...
"IT'S A **HUMDINGER**."


ALL SYSTEMS ON ZIGGURAT NOW FULLY OPERATIONAL. EYE OF DISHARMONY CHARGED AT OPTIMUM CAPACITY...
THIS IS NOT A DRILL, FOLKS... ALL PLATFORMS RETREAT TO DESIGNATED SAFETY MARGINS...
IGNITION IN FOUR SECONDS...
THREE...
TWO...
ONE...
THAT'S AS FAR AS YOU GO, YOUNG LADY!
GLLMMPH!
ZZZSHWKOW!
WHITE! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!
OH, SORRY, SON, I THOUGHT I'D ALREADY TOLD YOU...
WE JUST DESTROYED OUTER SPACE.
NEXT: "AND NOW, A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR..."



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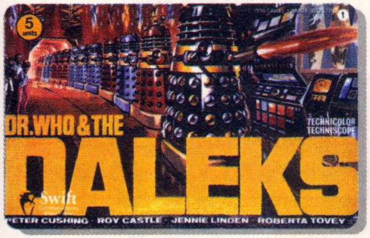

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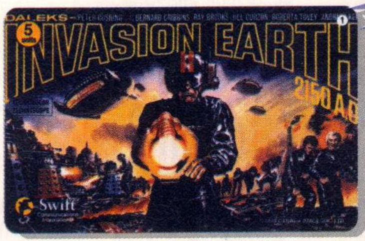

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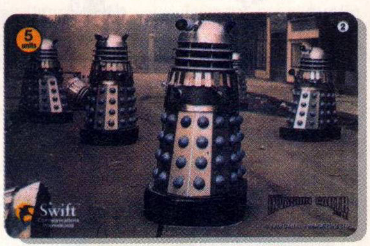

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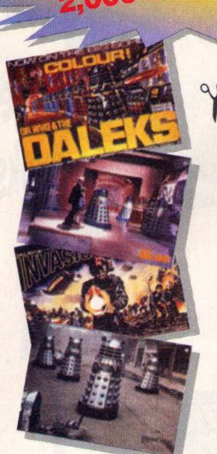

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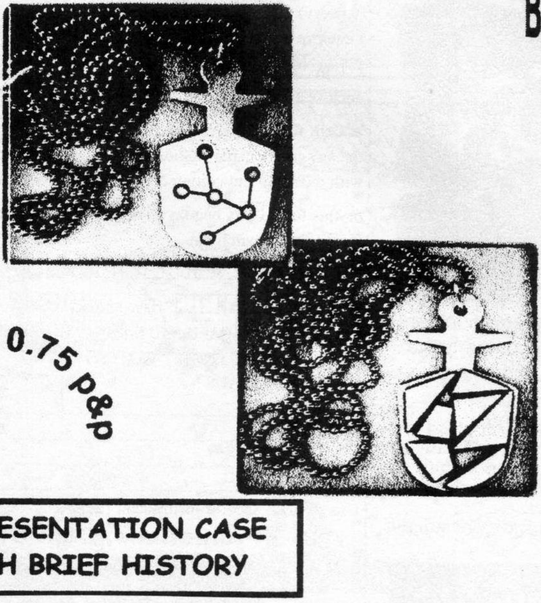

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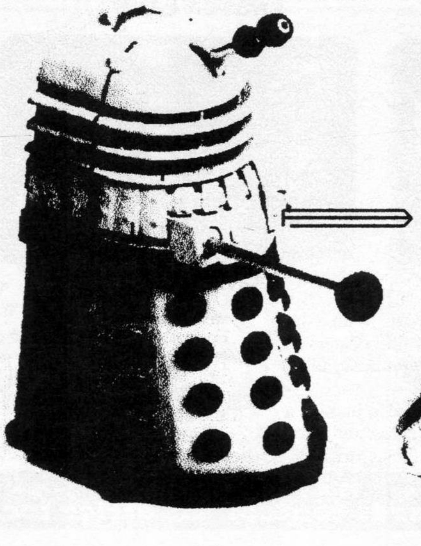
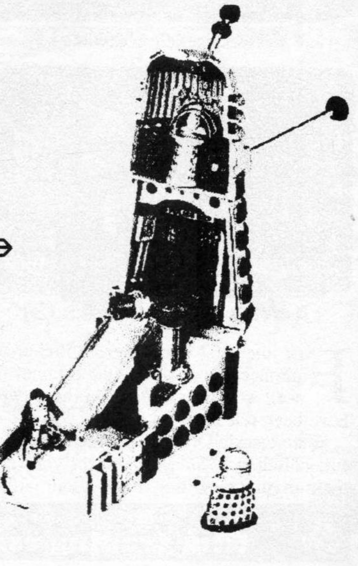




The life & times of Jackie Jenkins

For one night only, Jackie's determined to be a thoroughly modern Ms – but will a *Doctor Who* spectre turn up at Patrick's parents' feast?

Saturday 23 May

6.50pm Moments prior to Patrick's interruption, I had once more been immersed in contemplation of the results of *The* ***DWM*** *Awards*, hoping that this time the ranking of stories would have struck me as making some semblance of sense.

Unfortunately, no.

The notion that if one were to introduce a typewriter to a roomful of chimps, said primates would eventually churn out the complete works of Shakespeare, is one of the oft-quoted laws of inevitability. By the time I was interrupted, I'd begun to view the survey in a similar light, wondering how long it would take the same chimps to produce results as ludicrous as those printed, taking into account that the first several hundred attempts would have to be rejected due to the evidence of far too much thought and consideration being applied.

Tomb – the chimps' No 8?

"By the way," Patrick said, disturbing my reverie, "I've told them."

"Told them what?"

"About what you are," he said.

Being, as I am, without outlandish political views, particular religious convictions or lycanthropy, I wondered exactly what his parents imagined that he was shortly to be taking to his brother's 21st birthday party. He clarified his statement in a cautious whisper:

"That you're a *Doctor Who* fan."

That they should require such warning, and that I was told of it, seemed to suggest that Patrick saw my fanhood as something of a social stigma – and that if I, in an explosive fit of fan intensity, were to later gather his baffled relatives around a flushing toilet, dribbling "That's what they used for a Yeti's roar," then he had already apologised for me. Clearly, a reputation had preceded me. Any reservations remaining in greeting a roomful of people unknown to me had been dramatically marginalised, for I knew that I might as well enter screeching my hellos from within a Dalek casing before blasting their beautifully-prepared finger buffet up their Laura Ashley walls.

9.45pm I had chosen a dress too short for an evening too long. Already I'd overheard a friend of Patrick's brother say that he "fancied the tart"; consequently, I'd removed myself from the conservatory before realising that he had been referring to the food. Depositing myself beside a lemon-sweatered uncle with a Steradent smile, I contemplated the impression that I'd planned to make during the evening . . .

Not usually wishing to distance myself from the programme, I had, for once, decided to play the occasion against type, so as not to conform to or fulfil any expectations. They would observe no fan geek in me. I would control my conversation, behave in the confident manner of an individual supported by four separate pension plans, be impossibly well-read for my age, know a person of great influence in whatever field the small talk might stray, be aware of property prices and of world events before they happen. I'd know of wine, of food, of a social élite, and have insights cobbled together from a full season of *The South Bank Show*. And I would, if any guest or relation were to be inclined to introduce *Doctor Who* into the discourse, behave in the manner of a convention attendee who, nearing the end of their interest, has only turned up out of a desire to show other people how stupid they are, and offer only light comment and a non-committal smile.

So it had been decided, and entirely independently, that I would substitute my planned wear for a power dress with a hemline bordering on the impolite. I would be Jackie from PR and Advertising – 'up to speed' rather than 'out to lunch'.

As is typical at family parties, the first room I entered resembled a wake, lined with so many slumped, pensionable relatives that any one of them could've been subject to those very last rites. Adjacent to them, a second group comprised 40-somethings who, through cataloguing various exotic holiday destinations, competed with each other's wealth without ever once removing their gaze from the conservatory, which had a dangerously restless collection of offspring trapped within it. Making my introduction, I'd scored considerable success with Mrs Holland, who obviously thought I looked less like an inmate of Cell Block H than her imagined notion of a *Doctor Who* fan had suggested. Further conversations ensued, not one of them betraying that only three hours earlier I had been studiously absorbing a book of cult science fiction films, and that I thought *Yog – Monster from Space* was nowhere near as inane as it sounded.

Whatever, avoiding further chatter with a particular uncle (my very presence had U-turned the talk from cricket to crop circles), I saw the approach of an elderly figure whose use of a stick gave her the slow, menacing march of a war machine of HG Wells' imagination. I moved to the centre, wishing she'd pass – but she, crab-like, mirrored the action. Confirmed by Patrick as 'Granny', she halted, resonating authority, with just a gap of a *vol-au-vent* between us.

"Just a minute," she shouted. Unaware of her volume, but not of the attention she was drawing, she adjusted her hearing aid before hollering, "I understand you're the one who's a doctor?"

With equally projected amplification, it was some minutes before Patrick could apprise her as to the truth behind my mistakenly presumed medical training. As she retreated in obvious disappointment, I heard a conversation bubble into life from beneath a standard lamp. Two of the 40-somethings were trying to pin a name on the Second Doctor.

"Patrick Cargill," one said, the other only half-convinced.

It, and I, was out.

10.15pm "Bet you were thrilled," gabbled Mrs Holland. "I said to David, didn't I?"

"You did," winked her husband.

"I said, 'I bet Patrick's Jackie's thrilled.' We were only looking for the Lottery numbers and there it was, on Teletext, all that to-do in Cannes."

Fancy the tart?

Although admitting I was lost, a fan instinctively recognises when they're on the cusp of receiving vital information and how it feels to realise it has hitherto escaped them; shackled, defenceless, laid prostrate like Connery's Bond on Goldfinger's laser slab, with the expectation that it's going to hurt.

My gut, deep within, drained hollow and twisted.

"That they're making one of your *Doctor Whos*," she trilled, "and with a woman."

10.17pm Afforded a room and television, Jackie from PR and Advertising furiously punched in page numbers on a handset.

Shelf Life

In which the Eighth Doctor makes first contact

And **Dave Owen** gets in touch with his female alter-ego

DOCTOR WHO: VANDERDEKEN'S CHILDREN

Novel BBC Books **Author** Christopher Bulis **Featuring** The Eighth Doctor, Sam **RRP** £4.99 **ISBN** 0 563 40590 2 **Available** 3 August

What more can one possibly say about Christopher Bulis? Over the past seven years he has steadily worked his way through depictions of every incarnation of the Doctor in a sequence of novels which are invariably well-paced homages to the era they take place in. He comes fully up to date this month by turning to Paul McGann's rendition of the Time Lord – and upon opening *Vanderdeken's Children*, the reader is instantly assured that the author has captured the Eighth Doctor fully. One can play a game when reading a novel featuring the First or Second Doctor, if so inclined, by stopping every few pages and asking whether one is visualising the story in black and white. Here, this trick revealed that I was imagining the book not only in colour but on film, just like the Eighth Doctor's only TV appearance.

Chris Bulis' novels never resort to clever-dickery, nor do they aspire to be remotely fashionable

Getting the period feel right is not the only Bulistic staple (Bulism?) on show here. His work has previously focused on a quest for a prize (*The Ultimate Treasure*) with travellers from a variety of backgrounds (*Tempest*) reacting differently to the changes around them. As in *Twilight of the Gods*, spaceships from two opposing power blocs find themselves drawn to an alien anomaly, and later they discover a tunnel through space and time which has dangerous side-effects, as per *Eye of the Giant*. Yet, as *Shelf Life* has observed previously, *Doctor Who* is often no more than a comforting collection of motifs and scenarios which resurface in shifting sequence; its prolific writers, from Terry Nation up to Robert Holmes, were making great bubble and squeak for television years before *Ready Steady Cook*.

If *Doctor Who* writers have counterparts in the realm of literary SF, then surely Christopher Bulis' is Arthur C Clarke. Never resorting to clever-dickery just to show off, his work is characterised by steadily unfolding storylines which involve people and situations that are identifiable with, but not too closely tied to, the detailed trappings of present-day life. Such work will not age as rapidly as the more socially-relevant output of many of Bulis' peers because it has never aspired to be remotely fashionable. This congruence of styles is not, I suspect, mere coincidence; I feel sure that Christopher Bulis was raised, as I was, on Clarke's *oeuvre*. In *Vanderdeken's Children* a huge alien vessel is found floating abandoned in space; a passing ship is detailed to explore it, just as in Clarke's *Rendezvous With Rama*. The first to board the vessel is lowered in on a super-strong super-thin monofilament (*The Fountains of Paradise*), and one of the ships nearby is a luxury cruise liner carrying a disaster movie-style cross-section of society (*A Fall of Moondust*) – including an action movie star who is not so brave when facing real problems (*Islands in the Sky*). And, without compromising later story revelations too much, there is a large nod to *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

If this *were* an Arthur C Clarke novel, of course, both of the ships to reach the derelict would would have come from Earth sometime in the next few hundred years, and the story would detail humanity's first contact with evidence of alien intelligence. Such is an undeniably powerful SF event which has been told and retold in countless stories in every medium, but one which is sadly denied to *Doctor Who*. The series is perhaps cursed by its legacy of open interstellar borders, trapped within a framework of events which has readers howling indignantly when they are contradicted. *Vanderdeken's Children* partially overcomes this dilution by depicting people who might as well be human, worried about the future of a planet that might as well be Earth. There are other constraints which come with an ongoing and ever more defined series like *Doctor Who*: the Earth cannot be threatened with destruction; humanity cannot be wiped out; the Doctor cannot die, especially not in novels set in the series' past. So for all the scene-setting work that has been done for *Doctor Who* novelists, in some ways their job is far harder than their counterparts' outside the world of *Who*. Not only does Christopher Bulis overcome these usual challenges here, he delivers his most exciting book for a long time.

DOCTOR WHO: DREAMS OF EMPIRE

Novel BBC Books **Author** Justin Richards **Featuring** The Second Doctor, Jamie, Victoria **RRP** £4.99 **ISBN** 0 563 40598 8 **Available** 3 August

BBC Books' other author this month shares an ability to knock out manuscripts at a rate which suggests divine assistance; even given *Shelf Life*'s occasional lag in keeping up with the Virgin range, it is remarkable that Justin Richards has two novels under consideration in this issue's column. *Dreams of Empire* begins in epic style with an

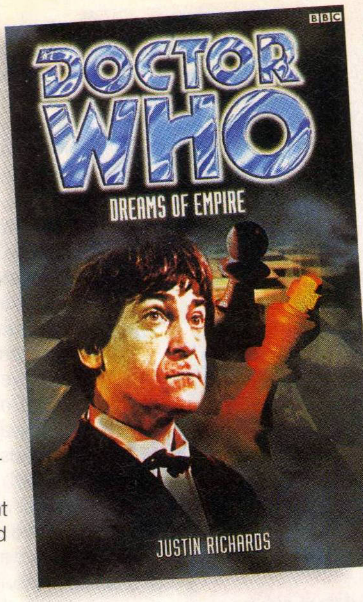
Talking Books Justin Richards

The fearsomely prolific writer of two of this month's novels on characterising their heroes – the Second Doctor and Bernice Summerfield . . .

"The whole time Troughton is on screen, he's redefining and extending the character by his use of props, business, mannerisms, expression. Getting that amount of activity across in print, without detracting from the story you're trying to tell, is very difficult. In fact, I cheated a bit in that I over-stressed those minutiae in the opening TARDIS scenes to establish the character in the readers' minds to the point where I could ease off it a bit for most of the rest of the book.

"Bernice in many ways has the opposite challenge. Her social and academic position and her established, broad habits – like keeping a diary, being generally witty, and drinking a lot – are really all the readers have established for them. The challenge here is in rising above potential cliché and giving some depth of meaning to the mannerisms and habits."

utterly absorbing power play between old friends at the head of a republic – and tells the events of a great civil war in its opening chapter alone. The sheer scale of events is what is most impressive here, and I would have been very happy for such huge happenings to continue to unfold over subsequent decades. Alas, the scope of the novel soon focuses on a single setting inspired perhaps both by Jamie's *Two Doctors* declaration "like twenty castles in the sky!" and the unmade Season Six story *The Prison in Space* – although such enforced claustrophobia does at least highlight the plight of the solitary masked inmate resident in *Dreams of Empire*'s gaol.



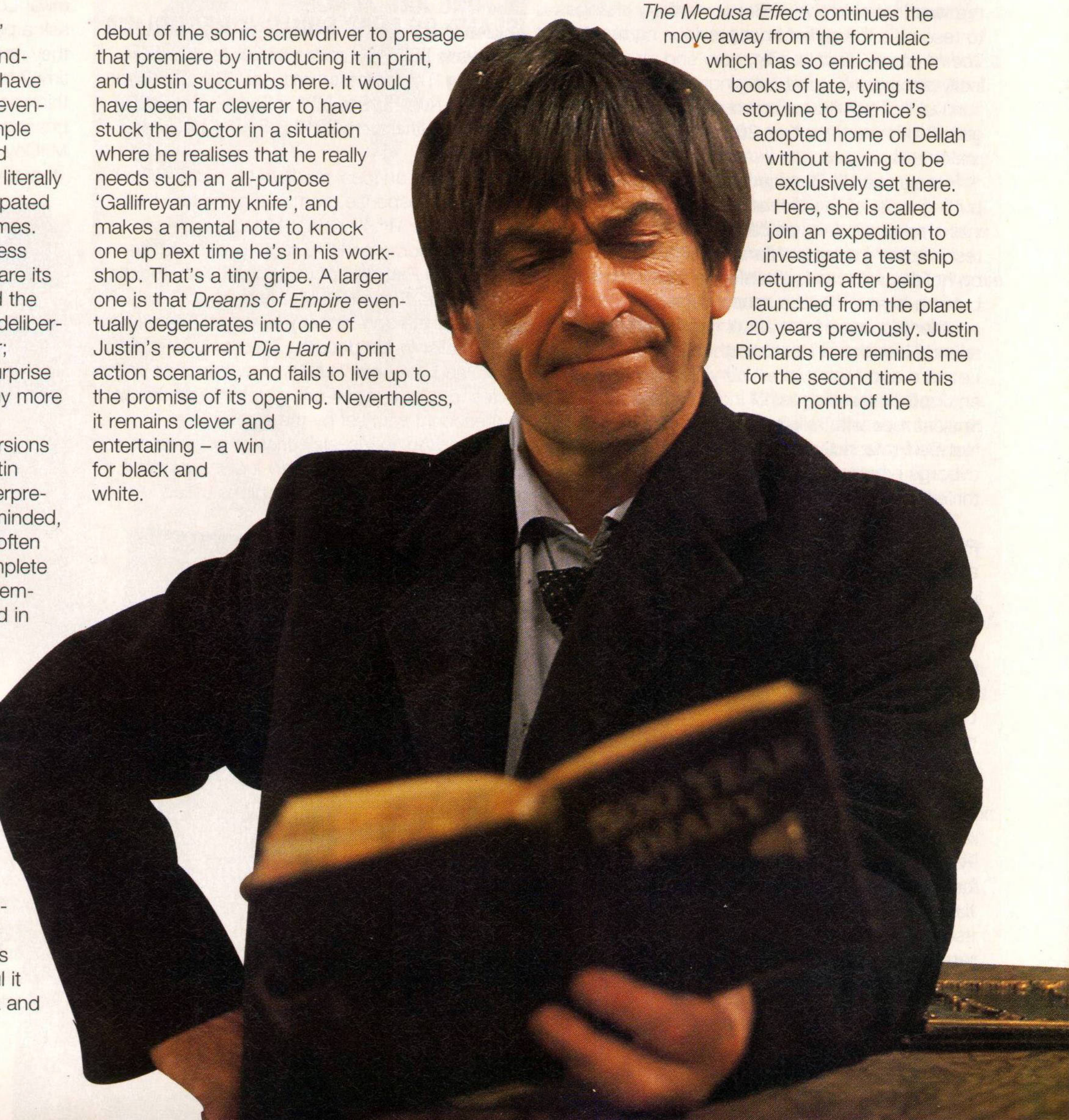
***Dreams of Empire* delivers a full-on and unfettered Second Doctor, comic excesses intact**

Dreams of Empire subverts its readers' expectation constantly; it is a joy to second-guess each impending revelation only to have one's smug theories superceded by the eventual disclosure of the truth. An early example comes when the Doctor's party are found standing over a recently-murdered body, literally with blood on their hands – but the anticipated accusation of murderous intent never comes. Cleverly, the book takes the form of a chess game on many levels: superficially, there are its section and chapter titles (*End Game* and the like); deeper, the way the reader is often deliberately led up the wrong path by the author; deeper yet, Justin's springing of a final surprise when the reader is not even expecting any more developments.

Rather than risk attempting subtle diversions from the established Second Doctor, Justin writes a full-on, unfettered, Troughton interpretation. The Doctor is infuriatingly absent-minded, prone to leading his allies into danger as often as guiding them out of it, and comes complete with so many comic excesses that he resembles more the self-caricature who returned in *The Three Doctors* than the full-timer of the late sixties. When he exclaims, "Oh dear – I've been a bit of a silly-billy haven't I?", one immediately worries that the author has gone over the top, but it is precisely this kind of self-deprecating childishness that typifies Troughton's bravely distinctive Doctor.

Jamie, too, is a delight, Justin capturing perfectly the combined innocence and bravado of a young man constantly dwarfed by the relative sophistication of those around him, and having to bluff his way through. This 'warrior-child as companion' experiment was so successful it was repeated twice in the series (viz Leela and Ace). Fittingly, Jamie sees some action here, both with his oft-forgotten dirk and in suiting up to join a battle for a space station. There was, of course, much innuendo between the Doctor and Jamie, and there are double-entendres floating about their interaction here as well. It is as though the author has remembered that the interplay between the characters was as much a product of the show's performers as well as its writers, and the result is undeniably authentic.

There'd be an irresistible temptation in a book set a few stories before the on-screen debut of the sonic screwdriver to presage that premiere by introducing it in print, and Justin succumbs here. It would have been far cleverer to have stuck the Doctor in a situation where he realises that he really needs such an all-purpose 'Gallifreyan army knife', and makes a mental note to knock one up next time he's in his workshop. That's a tiny gripe. A larger one is that *Dreams of Empire* eventually degenerates into one of Justin's recurrent *Die Hard* in print action scenarios, and fails to live up to the promise of its opening. Nevertheless, it remains clever and entertaining – a win for black and white.



THE NEW ADVENTURES: THE MEDUSA EFFECT & DRY PILGRIMAGE

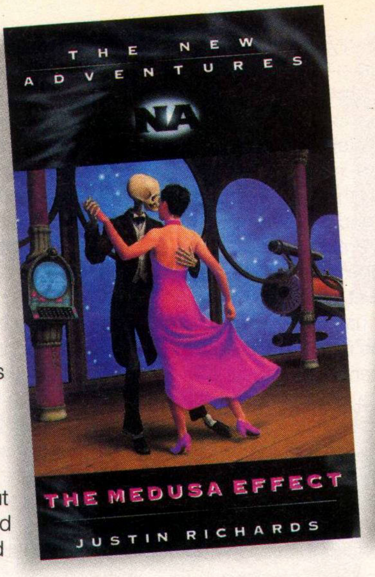
Walking to Babylon: Novel Virgin Publishing **Author** Justin Richards **Featuring** Bernice Summerfield **RRP** £5.99 **ISBN** 0 426 20534 3 **Available** Now
Dry Pilgrimage: Novel Virgin Publishing **Authors** Paul Leonard and Nick Walters **Featuring** Bernice Summerfield **RRP** £5.99 **ISBN** 0 426 20525 1 **Available** Now

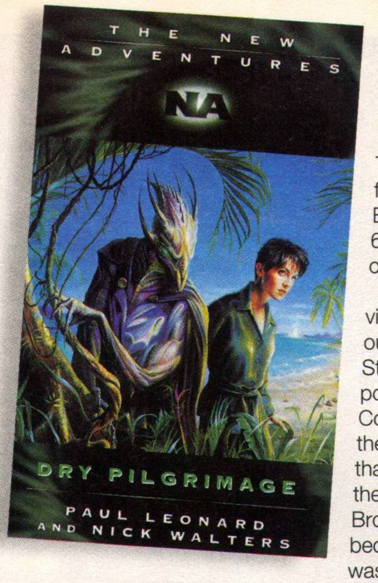
Shelf Life has never been taken with the idea of dressing up as a favourite incarnation of the Doctor, or even particularly identifying with the show's lead role. No, I've always wanted to be one of the companions, and have someone to guide me, help me, and aspire towards. But I have never identified more with a companion than I do with Bernice, so recognisable are her frailties; she's a little too fond of the bottle, prone to dwell on a relationship she's best out of, and she never gets her work done on time. It's this identification which I think makes me more proprietorial towards her than the Doctor; I find liberties taken with her characterisation a great deal less tolerable.

I'm pleased, therefore, that her character seems to have stabilised since the swings of her early solo *New Adventures*. It is a wholly consistent Bernice who appears in these two novels – a feat all the more surprising given the inevitable disparities between her appearances in the *Doctor Who New Adventures* and how she is now. This was only to be expected, of course; licensing reasons dictated that she experience sudden and total amnesia concerning much of her life over the previous few years.

The Medusa Effect continues the move away from the formulaic which has so enriched the books of late, tying its storyline to Bernice's adopted home of Dellah without having to be exclusively set there. Here, she is called to join an expedition to investigate a test ship returning after being launched from the planet 20 years previously. Justin Richards here reminds me for the second time this month of the banqueting hall from *Warriors' Gate*; the space castle and robot knights of *Dreams of Empire* make for unavoidable comparison. Likewise, Bernice and her colleagues' entering of the cobwebbed *Medusa*, bringing their provisions and measuring equipment, stirs up memories of Rorvik and company.

The central idea which drives *The Medusa Effect* is the notion that the personalities of *Medusa*'s original crew have survived their bodies, and slowly begin to inhabit those of the boarding party. There are resonances with Justin's debut *Theatre of War*, but the linked ideas of possession and performance are more simply and effectively demonstrated here, for example, by the way that the tone of Bernice's diary changes to resemble the style of her previous number. *The Medusa Effect* is grim, gory and atmospherically oppressive, combining not just a fight for survival in a hostile environment, but an investigation into what went on 20 years earlier to make it all happen.





I've never identified more with a *Doctor Who* companion than I do with Bernice Summerfield

People near to Bernice tend to drop like flies, putting most of the archaeologist's associates into a special insurance category previously only reserved for Inspector Morse's girlfriends. Going on holiday with her is therefore a brave move, but she is nevertheless accompanied on another trip away from her university (she spends less time in lectures than I did!) in Paul Leonard and Nick Walters' *Dry Pilgrimage*. It has an unprepossessing list of ingredients – an ancient race with religious ceremonies that Must Not Be Profaned, an insane dictator, some killer cyborgs – but works oddly well, perhaps simply through being so very competently written.

The essential narrative tool which spurs *Dry Pilgrimage* on is that the aforementioned aliens use 'thought transfer' to pass back-up copies of their ancestors' souls into their descendants' bodies. They are truly born-again believers. Some of the most moving writing in a novel blessed with emotional moments comes in the authors' description of what it is like to regain consciousness in another body.

It bodes well that this is the first of several upcoming co-written *New Adventures*. All that is wrong with *Dry Pilgrimage* is what dogs so much *Doctor Who*-inspired fiction – the print medium is being used to tell stories which are essentially visual. Time and again, *Shelf Life* finds itself recommending a good book which would make an even better screenplay. There's more to life than running down corridors . . .

AUDIO ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE: ISLAND OF LOST SOULS & REPUBLICA

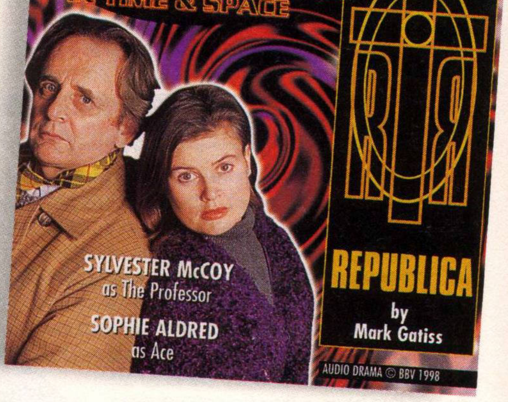
CD dramas BBV Productions **Author** Mark Gatiss **Featuring** 'The Professor' and 'Ace' **RRP** £7.99 each **Available** Now [SAE to BBV, 3 Douglas Crescent, Bitterne, Southampton SO19 5JP for details]

Radio is an ideal medium for both fantasy and suspense drama, and the fact that *Doctor Who* has not found a regular retirement home on BBC radio is attributable only to *The Paradise of Death* and *The Ghosts of N-Space*, those diabolically poor scripts written for the Jon Pertwee/Elisabeth Sladen team earlier in the decade. The damage is now done, and the onus is now on enthusiasts of the series to create audio-only *Doctor Who* drama. A precedent was set by the eighties fan-produced Audio Visuals series of adventures – which presented the patently ludicrous notion of a Doctor portrayed by some bloke called Nicholas Briggs – and some members of that team have recently announced that they will shortly be producing professional sound adaptations of Virgin Books' Doctorless *New Adventures*. They have been beaten to it by their former Audio Visuals colleague Bill Baggs, who has produced these two 60-minute CDs featuring two suspiciously familiar travelling adventurers.

AUDIO ADVENTURES IN TIME & SPACE
SYLVESTER McCOY as The Professor
SOPHIE ALDRED as Ace
Island of Lost Souls by Mark Gatiss
AUDIO DRAMA © BBV 1998

In another medium, straight-to-video drama, Bill Baggs has previously presented the pairing of 'the Stranger and Miss Brown' as portrayed by Doctor/companion team Colin Baker and Nicola Bryant – and there was an ambiguous possibility that these people could somehow be the Sixth Doctor and Perpugilliam Brown. As that series progressed, it became apparent that 'the Stranger' was a distinct individual in his own right, and categorically not the Doctor. And that was the end of that.

Here, the actors who played the Seventh Doctor and Ace are playing characters with seemingly identical personalities to their television alter-egos, who somehow have the ability to turn up anywhere on Earth at any point in time. 'Ace' addresses her mentor as "Professor", just like Ace did in *Doctor Who*, and this appellation catches on among the people they meet. When asked in *Island of Lost Souls* how the pair have come to arrive in Greenland, the Professor diverts the question neatly – as did the Doctor, many times. In *Republica*, upon their first appearance on the streets of an unfamiliar London, the Professor and Ace have to ask a passing stranger for the year. How could they not know the year unless they can travel in time? Is this really *Doctor Who* on these CDs? I think so. If released by BBC Worldwide and bearing a metallic logo, with shots of Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred in character adorning the covers (which already boasts cheeky BBC-style vortices) then it would be months before anyone noticed that the lead is never actually referred to as 'the Doctor'. They are certainly every bit as much *Doctor Who* as *The Curse of Fenric* which, so far as *Shelf Life* can recall, featured no TARDIS, references to Time Lords or any other awful continuity baggage of the type which weighed down *Doctor Who* throughout so much of the eighties.



I'd recommend listening to *Island of Lost Souls* first, which pulls off a trick Christopher Bulis formerly employed in *A Device of Death* – ie, making a story fit into a televised *Doctor Who* era by strongly alluding to story elements from that era. In this case, the setting is a British military research establishment somewhere very cold during World War Two, where people are being possessed by an intelligence from space. The panache with which Mark Gatiss establishes the setting – a casual reference to Churchill in the opening scene – is admirable; even the Radio Four dramas which enliven *Shelf Life*'s sporadic house dusting sessions usually rely on a preface from the legendary Brian Perkins to set the scene. This is also the more traditional of the two releases: within an hour there is time for a new friend of Ace's to betray her (as happened in *Remembrance of the Daleks*), for the characters to be established via distinct recurring statements of their personalities, and for a mystery to turn into a crisis and be solved by the Doctor – sorry, *Professor* – overcoming distrust and gaining the co-operation of the military commander. It's *Doctor Who* by the book, which is more than could ever be said for the two Barry Letts radio serials. As a bonus, when the Nazis arrive (oh, for heaven's sake, don't moan about plot revelations – they were bound to turn up, honestly!) they are led by a supremely camp Mark Gatiss, reminding me why the star of *On the Town With the League of Gentlemen* and *In the Red* is not only a great writer, but one of my favourite comedy performers.

Ten years' passing has not diminished Sylvester McCoy's 'Professor'

Republica is a parallel Earth story. History diverges at the death of Oliver Cromwell, and the restoration of the monarchy never takes place. The Doc- – damn! – *Professor* and Ace arrive in a 1998 London in which dark suits and lace collars are worn by citizens of a republic which has an Atlantic tunnel and a cure for cancer. Charles XIV lives in exile, and George Telfer delivers a comic performance as close to treasonable as Stephen Fry's in *Blackadder: The Cavalier Years*. And a motif from *Silver Nemesis* resurfaces – a comet returning to Earth is observed by the elderly Lord Protector, a descendant of the Roundhead line. This elusive story is hard to define (a historical story set in the present day, perhaps?), but it knocks *Sliders* into a cocked hat.

The passage of time has not diminished Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred's ability to capture the characters they're most associated with; indeed, Sophie's performance could have been recorded a decade ago, and Sylvester gives his all, from a shouted declaration that something "MUST NOT HAPPEN" to his peculiar way of racing through complicated explanations while placing *the* stress *on* all *the* wrong words.

Go on, sceptics. Even if you've never picked up an original *Doctor Who* novel, do try these CDs. If they're not 'real' *Doctor Who* then I'm a banana.

"Is this the Doctor and Ace?"

John Ainsworth sees Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred resume their double-act in BBV's *Audio Adventures in Time and Space.*

In April of this year, a slightly dingy South London basement not far from Elephant and Castle was the less-than glamorous location for the acting reunion of former *Doctor Who* stars Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred. It's been nearly ten years since the two played opposite each other; now, together again in the science fiction dramas *Republica* and *Island of Lost Souls*, they are experiencing *deja vu* playing a time-travelling Professor and his associate, Ace. Not only do they feature two of the show's most popular actors, the plays intend to emulate the style and appeal of *Doctor Who* in their story-telling.

"It's really bizarre after all this time. It's brilliant though," enthuses a vivacious Sophie when asked what it's like to play a character called 'Ace' again. "I actually hadn't really thought about it before walking in this morning. I suddenly thought, 'Oh wow . . can I still do it?' I'd almost forgotten what I did. But it's so bizarre because as soon as we started we just fell very easily into it. I said to Sylvester, 'It's really funny, isn't it?' and he said 'Yes, it's like putting on an old pair of gloves.' It felt very natural and very enjoyable to get back together again."

Although there have been several *Doctor Who* radio productions, none have starred Sylvester and Sophie in their familiar roles. Does the audio-only medium demand a different kind of performance? Sylvester is quite fascinated by the new experience: "It's easy in one sense in that you don't have to learn the lines. What's really exciting about it is that it's like telling a story. All acting is supposed to be telling a story but radio or audio is *really* like telling a story again. You use your voice and imagination, individually and collectively, to create the picture of the story you're telling.

"It's much more concentrated in the brain. You get very tired in the head doing it. You're using all your energies in one small area but you are actually using up all the energy you've got . . ."

"Theatre is big, television is small and radio is minute," adds Sophie. "You can't give too much. I think for both of us that's sometimes a bit of a problem. I love radio, I really do."

Although this isn't *Doctor Who*, the relationship between the two leads is very similar. Have they recaptured the essence of what it was that made their partnership so popular? Sophie has obviously given this point some thought: "When I read it, I was thinking 'Is this the Doctor and Ace?' and then as soon as we spoke the words it's like, 'Oh yeah, yeah . . . of course it is' because it's Sylvester and me doing it. I think if it had been me on my own being Ace I would have found it a lot more difficult."

It's early days yet, but it looks like the CDs will prove popular with *Doctor Who* fans. "If it all goes well I hope it can take off," chips in an optimistic Sophie. Further adventures of the Professor and Ace are planned for later in the year . . .

E 4
E 3

This is your nineteenth Nerva breakdown

Director Rodney Bennett was responsible for a trio of early Fourth Doctor adventures, including *The Ark in Space* – but, as Peter Griffiths discovers, he didn't have a clue how to rid Space Station Nerva of the Wirrn . . .

If there was ever a good year to want to work in television, it was 1964. With the introduction of a second terrestrial channel and the need to practically double its output, the BBC found itself desperately short of staff. A massive recruitment drive was organised – and it was through this that Rodney Bennett, like so many of his contemporaries, received his directorial break.

"I began in radio, producing talks for the Home Service. Television was growing like a mushroom, and so I left radio to serve an apprenticeship as a television producer/director in the Schools department. My work was mainly in arts documentaries for sixth formers. There were one or two far more distinguished people than me there – it was a powerhouse of talent, of whom I would regard myself as a rather lowly member. At that time the BBC had what were called attachments, whereby you could ask to join another department for a while. I asked my boss in Schools, Kenneth Fawdry, if I could have an attachment to the Plays department, and he okayed it. He was a marvellous man, a great hero in the Second World War.

"It never stopped raining during the whole *Sontaran Experiment* shoot"

"I went along to the Plays department, and I remember sitting in an administrator's office on a Monday morning. He clearly didn't know what he could do with this person who had just arrived and was eager to become a drama director. The telephone rang and he said, 'Yes? Oh dear. I see. Right, I have someone who may be able to help.' He put the phone down and turned to me and said, 'How would you like to direct *Z Cars*?' I said, gulping, that I'd love to, and he said, 'Right, they start rehearsal at half-past one.' They were going into the studio on Wednesday and Thursday.

"Well, you had nothing to lose in those days. If the BBC ended up with a transmittable programme, they were heartily relieved. The cast and technicians were all immensely helpful, and I had done quite a lot of directing of a documentary kind – I wasn't a beginner by any means."

A baptism of fire, then – but Rodney proved himself capable and even managed to enjoy himself. The head of the Serials department, Shaun Sutton, offered to extend his attachment to a full year. "During that time I was able to direct several short plays for a programme called *Thirty Minute Theatre*. The producer was a wonderful man called Innes Lloyd [a former *Doctor Who* producer], who had a policy of employing new writers and some new directors. I think I did three or four plays for him, along with more *Z Cars*. I was then faced with going back to my parent department, but I left the BBC and went freelance. This was 1970. Because the producers I'd worked with during my attachment period, and also other producers, were very kind and continued to employ me, I went from there."

In 1974, *Doctor Who* head Barry Letts became one of those kind producers, inviting Rodney to work on a block of six episodes split into two linked stories, *The Ark in Space* and *The Sontaran Experiment*. Letts was then in the process of handing over the reins to his successor, Philip Hinchcliffe: "I'd never worked with Barry before but he, along with most producers, was a member of staff. That added great stability to the whole industry. One had an opportunity to go to people's offices, quite informally, and introduce oneself. It was always a nerve-wracking business – I hated it – but it was an important thing to do.

"Barry was very much in evidence during the pre-production period of those first two stories, though I think Philip was on location with us on *The Sontaran Experiment*. A lot of the producer's work is in another area from the director, organisation and budget and so forth, but I don't think they were greatly different from one another. Barry had more experience at that point, and was more confident on script points. I had a very good relationship with both of them, and I went on to work with Barry several times on children's serials."

Though destined

Sarah (Elisabeth Sladen) on the lookout for Sontarans on a ravaged Earth of the future. *The Sontaran Experiment*

Sarah and Vira (Wendy Williams), on their guard against anything slithery down in the Solar Stacks. *The Ark in Space*

to air after *The Ark in Space*, *The Sontaran Experiment* was recorded first, entirely on location. Rodney recalls that he and the rest of the unit had reason to wish for the warm studio. "Probably my abiding memory of that story is arriving with the actors the day before the rest of the unit. We chose to shoot – somewhat at my instigation – on Dartmoor, and the idea was to have a look at the locations and do a little bit of rehearsal. The rain was pouring down. We all got out of the minibus, and within minutes everyone was absolutely soaked. In the little town where we were staying there was a wonderful shop which sold all sorts of equipment, including wet weather gear, so I bought gear for everyone. That's why Ian Marter [Harry] and Elisabeth Sladen [Sarah] are to be seen running around in wet weather gear during the story. It's just as well we got them, because it never stopped raining the entire time we were there. The wind blew so strongly it strobed in the camera. It was quite a problem."

"I had to kill the Wirrn off. I was worried that children would think they were still out there!"

This production continued the experiment started in the previous story, *Robot*, of shooting location material on videotape instead of the more usual 16mm film. "I don't know why Barry decided to do it that way. It might have been cost, or it being quick to shoot. Innes Lloyd, who I mentioned earlier, had come from Outside Broadcasts, so he was very interested in using video cameras on location. I'm sure he was the first to do it, actually – I did a video production on location with Innes during my attachment year. They were thought of very much as a studio production transplanted outdoors. We had two cameras because of the tight schedule on *The Sontaran Experiment*, but having been brought up using a multi-camera set-up in the studio, it was second nature to plan things so that one could use two cameras where possible."

Outside broadcasting for drama was still in its infancy, and not necessarily less hassle than a film shoot. "The story was only in two parts, which was just as well because it was a huge effort for the crew to lug the cameras around. The Outside Broadcast unit was usually used for sport telecasts, and the cameras were enormous studio-style things. The poor engineers and riggers had to carry these very heavy pieces of equipment over the difficult Dartmoor terrain. That's not to mention the cables, the umbilical cords which fixed us to the huge scanner vehicle with vision mixer.

"Because the cable runs were so long – well over 200 yards, right at the limit of their capacity – I had to decide whether to be in the scanner or at the actual location. I couldn't go from one to the other because of the time it would take. Monitoring facilities on site were a bit limited at that time, so I stayed more or less in the scanner and had what's now called a First Assistant at the location. I didn't, for example, see what happened when Tom Baker broke his collar bone. We couldn't understand why things had ground to a halt . . ."

Only two stories into his tenure, the series' star had already had a serious accident. "We were going to shoot some sequences on top of one of the tors. These grand outcrops looked, if one used one's imagination, a little bit like the remains of a ruined city. They were very exposed, but fortunately the day when we were there there was a break in the rain. No sooner had we started than poor Tom slipped and broke his collar bone. We had a very good double for him, Terry Walsh, who was also the stunt arranger. Whenever the Doctor moved thereafter, it was Terry! Tom couldn't do anything for a couple of days, being all strapped up, but we managed to get him almost chair-lifted up to this tor a couple of days later and propped him up against the rocks to say his lines."

Aside from fulfilling the script specification of making the Galsec characters South African – "They weren't real South African actors. Donald Douglas, who played their captain, was a thoroughly English chap" – Rodney otherwise recalls the Sontaran and his bewhiskered pet robot. "The potato head, the Sontaran, was played by Kevin Lindsay. He died not so long afterwards. I can't remember what he looked like – isn't that awful? I can only picture that awful potato mask! In my mind's eye, I can see him torturing Donald, who was laid out on a rock. When I was coming down to the station to meet you, in the back of my mind I suddenly had a picture of us building tracks through the Dartmoor heather, and I knew it wasn't for a tracking shot. It was for that robot of his! I must see this show again. Is it on video? You'd think the BBC would send directors complimentary copies, but they don't, the wretches. They probably think I'm dead!"

The studio allocation for the six-episode block was taken up by *The Ark in Space*. "The major thing about that story was the contribution of the designer. Obviously he or she is important on any show, but on *Doctor Who* the designer could make an enormous contribution. There's no doubt that Roger Murray-Leach, the designer on this story, was immensely gifted. He'd done a lot of Light Entertainment work going way back, things like *Steptoe and Son*.

"The main set was something called the Cryogenic Chamber. It's funny how these names stay in the mind! We played with the idea of great long corridors, but budget came into that. We

BBC Video [3]

The Doctor (Tom Baker) and Sarah plan a dangerous experiment on the dead Wirrn queen . . .

didn't seem to be getting anywhere, and one day I suggested we build it vertically rather than horizontally. It was a very expensive set, but the only thing was that it was made of pre-formed plastic. Every time anyone walked on it it creaked loudly. We had a terrible time with the dubbing afterwards, and it drove the sound supervisor absolutely mad!"

The new story also brought with it greater demands for visual effects. "I remember being faced with doing what you might call a *2001* shot. That film was still very much in people's minds at the time I was doing *Doctor Who*, with all those wonderful shots of spaceships waltzing around the earth. These shots came up in *Doctor Who* from time to time but as was the way of things, we had 15 minutes to do it in the studio. I remember we had a very nice model of the space station, but techniques like Colour Separation Overlay were still in their infancy and very laboured, and my threshold of impatience is too low. Barry Letts, on the other hand, had infinite patience and infinite fascination with this whole burgeoning approach.

"Different directors approached *Doctor Who* in different ways. I've always been very much an actor-based director, so I was much more interested in the character of the Doctor than in the special effects. With each of my productions, the first thing I did was go through the script and take out what I felt were unnecessary effects, things that could be left to the imagination. When I did *Doctor Who*, it was still very much an offering for young people, so one could expect the lively, imaginative response that you get from children."

His red pen aside, Rodney had further input into this particular script. "I never saw John Lucarotti's original version of *The Ark in Space*. Barry was very clear on scripts, as I said, and by the time I joined they were written and more or less ready to go. There was only one area of discussion, as I remember. As originally written, Robert Holmes had the Wirrn going off into space at the end, still alive. I asked Philip if he intended to bring them back, which he didn't, so I thought it would worry children terribly, having these things still alive and 'out there'. Robert was perfectly happy that these creatures be destroyed – I seem to remember he said that he just couldn't think of how to do it. We went through enormously complicated ways of killing these creatures, including dissolving them in water. That was one of my very bad ideas, and everyone groaned and stamped on that quickly! We wanted to find something simple which everybody except the Doctor would have missed."

One of *Doctor Who*'s more well-known 'cuts' comes in *The Ark in Space*, where Philip Hinchcliffe insisted that a short segment of Noah begging the Doctor and Vira to kill him should be removed. "Yes, I remember. It was a strong story, and being more an actor and atmosphere director, I wanted to push it on occasion and see how it went down. I certainly felt that although it was for children one didn't need to be too mealy-mouthed about things, but there was no argument between Philip and myself. What he did is a producer's job and right."

Rodney returned to *Doctor Who* some 15 months later. "This final story, *The Masque of Mandragora*, was quite different. It was written by Louis Marks, who I knew. Much later I worked with Louis as my producer on probably the most interesting thing I've ever done – *The Lost Boys*, about the life of the author of Peter Pan, JM Barrie.

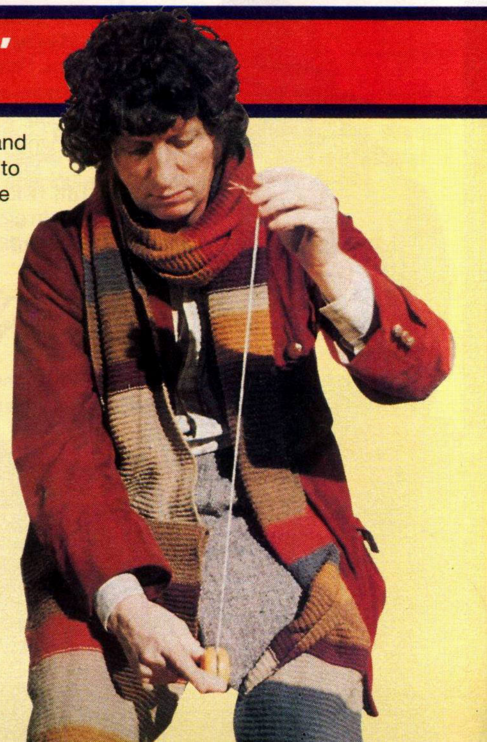
"Two things come to mind immediately. First of all, there were stunt riders. I thought this was my opportunity to do Robin Hood, basically – people dropping out of trees and falling on riders as they go past. At the time my children were learning to ride, so I'd seen them being taught how to sit on the horse and all the rest of it. Well, if it was possible to slouch on a horse, these men could do it! They kept their fags in their cod pieces, and they'd sit there lighting up on their horses. But when it was time to go, they were an absolutely mad lot. There was one guy known as 'Bronco' because he'd done rodeos in America – at least that was the myth. They were marvellous riders.

"Secondly, we needed a travelling light, a sort of ball of energy called the Helix. We tried all ways to get a contained light source which we

"A combination of Groucho Marx and Burt Lancaster . . ."

Tom Baker began to get into the swing of his characterisation of the Doctor on *The Sontaran Experiment* and *The Ark in Space*. His director was, of course, on hand with occasional suggestions. "Tom had only done the changeover story before these two," says Rodney, "so his view of the Doctor was still very unformed. He was an extremely intelligent and lively man who had his own views on *Doctor Who*. It wasn't for me to impose in any heavy-handed way my thoughts. So we didn't go into serious huddle, but we did talk about the role, and that came up in little things. Because of his looks, I thought he ought to be a combination of Groucho Marx and Burt Lancaster. That Groucho/little boy element was the reason I encouraged him to always have bits of string and junk in his pockets. I thought he needed a childish prop, so I introduced him to his yo-yo. There were people on the unit who were very good and tried to show him how to do it, but Tom is Tom and never really got as good at it as I hoped he would." By the time of *The Masque of Mandragora*, Tom had dropped the yo-yo: "I suspect he thought it was a load of nonsense!"

"Tom was a very instinctive actor as opposed to a thoughtful one, and occasionally he would do something really wild and look at me, expecting me to say it wasn't right. In those cases there is always a boring person called a director who says, 'Sorry Tom, I really think you ought to pull it back a bit!' Lis Sladen [playing Sarah] was the opposite, a very considered actor. She thought a lot about what she was doing, though she was often in the very thankless situation of being tied up or faced with some terrible gunge. She put her heart and soul into it."



"I thought *Mandragora* would be my chance to do Robin Hood"

could superimpose over the location film, but nothing seemed to be intense enough. In the end it occurred to me that if you look at a sparkler burning, it's a very intense light, so we masked off all the sparkles and it looked as if it was burning, That was the main thing. So many intense lights look dead – there's no sense of energy about them."

Since *The Masque of Mandragora* was set in a fictitious 15th century Italian duchy, the production team's decision to use a fake, mock-Renaissance village for the location seems oddly appropriate. "Portmeirion, in Wales, is a very weird place. The scale is odd – the buildings are all quite small. I never thought about the fact that *The Prisoner* had been shot there, to tell you the truth. We didn't use the water at all, so that helped. I was only interested in using the bits that had a Renaissance flavour to them, one or two of its buildings."

The designer assigned to *The Masque of Mandragora* was Barry Newbery, a veteran of *Doctor Who*'s early years. His duties included a complete (and ultimately short-lived) redesign for the TARDIS console room and some construction work on location. "Barry was very different from Roger Murray-Leach but extremely good. That was a huge help. I remember he had to design and build some sort of temple at the location. I've forgotten the name of the owner, but he was a funny old man, an architect who had designed Portmeirion. He went around in breeches and yellow socks. This old boy loved Barry's polystyrene temple so much that he insisted it be left. That's Portmeirion for you – all phony.

"In those days there were relatively few administrators in a corporation like the BBC. The producer and director put their heads together and said, 'Who do we want to work on this?' You rang up a lady in a little office somewhere with a big diary, and asked if you could have such-and-such. Everyone was on staff, so they would tell whether you could or not. You got to know who was good and who you had a rapport with, and who you wanted to work with again. Producers and directors had a great deal of autonomy. It was the responsibility of the programme makers to refer a problem upwards, not the job of the people up above to interfere with the people making programmes. But the industry began to fragment, and become more based on soaps and long-running series."

Rodney remembers with some pride the cast he was able to attract for *The Masque of Mandragora*. "We had Jon Laurimore as the evil uncle and a very young Tim Pigott-Smith playing . . . Marco? I worked with Tim twice, the other time being in a classic serial called *North and South*. I can't recall which came first. Actors loved doing *Doctor Who*. It actually had a reputation for integrity. It wasn't 'a nod and a grunt' time, actors could play real parts. It was sometimes quite close to the theatre, drawing nice imaginative responses from performers. The budget of the show obviously precluded having very established names, but there was nothing demeaning about appearing in it.

"There was one marvellous moment in the studio, with Norman Jones playing Hieronymous, the astrologer. He had on an enormous thing which was a bit like an African mask – I remember I showed some pictures of these masks to the costume designer, as I was and still am very interested in them. In the middle of shooting, this voice appeared out of the mask saying, 'Oh God, I've dried!' It doesn't sound particularly funny now, but it certainly was at the time."

On all three of his stories, Rodney worked with Dudley Simpson, *Doctor Who*'s almost resident incidental musician. "Oh yes! One of the greatest things about working on *Doctor Who* was working with Dudley. For years and years afterwards, I asked for Dudley on my productions, including *The Lost Boys* and the Sunday afternoon classic serials I did with Barry Letts. He was a marvellous little Aussie and a thoroughly educated musician, the conductor of the Royal Ballet and lots of other grand things. At that stage all the synching was done with a stopwatch – there was no such thing as timecode. Dudley was hopeless at maths, and there he was trying to work out time signatures between two-and-a-third seconds and eleven-and-three-quarter seconds! The music always fitted. I remember the phone would ring and he'd play things down the line to you. 'How about this, Rod?' he'd say.

"Dudley gathered wonderful session players as well. There was one fellow who could play the percussion like you've never seen in your life, and Dudley would purposely write the music so it was virtually impossible for him to perform! Nothing was impossible for this fellow. I remember seeing him bashing away on a marimba or xylophone, and at the same time he was playing something with his backside and he ended up by kicking a huge Chinese gong. Those sessions were fun. With very small resources Dudley always produced wonderful music. He was one of the great unremarked-upon talents."

Rodney was not invited back to *Doctor Who* by subsequent producers Graham Williams or John Nathan-Turner. "In any case, I was quite busy. For Barry Letts I did an American book called *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, a version of the legend of King Arthur, *Dombey and Son* by Dickens, *Stalky and Co* by Kipling, and in between I was doing television plays, *Play for Today* and that sort of thing. I suppose the most prestigious thing I did was *The Lost Boys* – Barry Newbery worked with me on that. I also set up *The House of Elliot* for the BBC and *The Darling Buds of May* for Yorkshire Television, both of which proved to be hugely popular. In each case the companies were very kind and engaged me from quite an early stage, so I was able to have a hand in finding locations, casting the regular characters and what-not. I have to admit to finding Catherine Zeta Jones."

As well as episodes of series such as *Soldier, Soldier* and *Dr Finlay*, Rodney has recently turned his hand to writing novels for older children, with four books so far published. He lives in Bath with his wife. "One carries away certain memories from *Doctor Who* quite vividly, such as that rain and wind on Dartmoor, and the marvellous drunken lot that were the horsemen in *Mandragora*. *Doctor Who* was a wonderful idea with tremendous appeal." DWM

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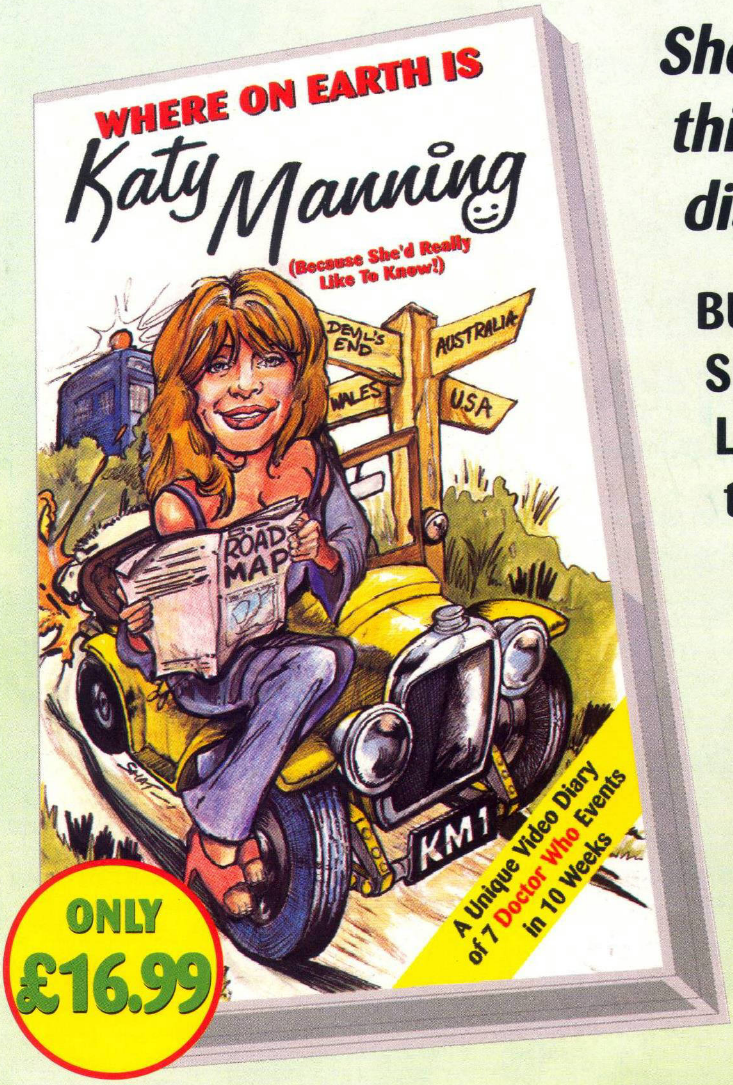
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